

THE
ECLECTIC
AND
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

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THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

I.

LORD LYTTON'S ESSAYS.*

IN the three goodly volumes before us, Lord Lytton edits a number of published and unpublished papers from his pen, hitherto uncollected. Essays in various Reviews, biographical and critical, and his life of Schiller, form the first volume. The second is devoted to the reprint of that series of miscellaneous papers which appeared thirty-three years since under the title of the *Student*, and which we have been surprised has, from some cause, never been included in any of the recent collected editions of the author's works. To this is added a lengthened discussion, in an essay on the "Influence of Love upon Literature and "Real Life." The third volume gives to us the essays to which we called special attention when they were collected and published under the title of *Castonana*. Whatever Lord Lytton does is not only done well, but it almost compels the belief that the especial department of literature in which for the time he exerts his powers, is his own department. We have no doubt that it is as a novelist he will claim most largely from the suffrages of posterity, but as a dramatist he claims almost an equal place; while perhaps some readers think him most successful and delightful as an essayist. It has been thought, indeed, that his novels themselves partake largely of the character of the essay, and some have regarded this as their fault, regarded as pieces of fiction. If so, it is a fair defect, and one which much more distinctly characterises his earlier than his later works. In some of them, as in the *Disowned*, *Zanoni*, and *Devereux*, the lengthened monologue or essay was a very con-

* *Miscellaneous Prose Works*. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. In three volumes. Richard Bentley.

spicuous feature—some critics thought out of place. It would appear Lord Lytton thought so too, as he has omitted large and lengthy discussions as episodal; and we cannot but regret this, and could even wish that some separate volume might be published containing these rejected passages. These remarks, however, lead very fairly to the settlement of the place the writer occupies as an author in English literature. His novels may partake more or less of comedy or tragedy, and assuredly shine in both departments, but all the pages are pervaded by a thoughtful view of life, character, circumstances, thoughts, and things. It may even be supposed that this constitutes the element in some of his works which some readers have regarded as unhealthy—it is the thoughtful analysis. Is not all thoughtful dissection of any subject unhealthy? The seed or the bulb, which is preparing to burst into the most glorious flower—expose its roots, remove the earth, it is by no means a beautiful or sightly object, although beauty of every kind of colour or form is in the schoolroom there, and waiting for development. Look at the fairest skin of the loveliest female hand, through a glass of microscopic power, and it gives little idea of that soft surface which some persons perhaps have thought thrilling to the touch. To look at things in this way is the translation of what is called morbid, and therefore many of Lord Lytton's works have received that designation; in fact, he is an eminently thoughtful writer. In his earliest works, while he was yet more a seeker than at present, this was their character; he was fond of examining the roots and inquiring into the more hidden aspects of things, yet he was never unaware that this is not the natural and real view or true impression. In one of the essays before us, the "*Tale of Kosem Kesamim*," which has probably been written nearly forty years, we have a rebuke for, and a description of, the consequences of too close and keenly searching an analysis into the hidden mysteries and principles of knowledge. Charmed—as, it is said, genius beneath the first influences of opium is charmed—the magician becomes aware of the subtle and pervading element of delight, as with renewed eyes the inner temple of nature is disclosed—the veins of the magician were filled with the intoxication of poetic vision. It was a world of subtle harmony, that entrance upon the beautiful unknown; but the curiosity impelled to the pathways of a deeper unknown, and the delight of the first raptures, as of opium, were exchanged for the weird and terrible consciousness of the later stages.

I looked, and behold, I stood on the same spot, but [how changed!

The earth was one blue and crawling mass of putridity; its rich verdure, its lofty trees, its sublime mountains, its glancing waters, had all been the deceit of my previous blindness; the very green of the grass and the trees was rottenness, and the leaves (not each leaf one and inanimate as they seemed to the common eye) were composed of myriads of insects and puny reptiles, battered on the corruptions from which they sprang. The waters swarmed with a leprous life—those beautiful shapes that I had seen in my late delusion were corrupt in their several parts, and from that corruption other creatures were generated living upon them. Every breath of air was *not* air, a thin and healthful fluid, but a wave of animalculæ, poisonous and foetid; (for the Air is the Arch Corrupter, hence all who breathe die; it is the slow, sure venom of Nature, pervading and rotting all things;) the light of the heavens was the sickly, loathsome glare that steamed from the universal Death in life. The tiniest thing that moved—you beheld the decay moving through its veins, and its corruption, unconscious to itself, engendered new tribes of life! The World was one dead carcass, from which everything the World bore took its being. There was not such a thing as beauty!—there was not such a thing as life that did not generate from its own corruption a loathsome life for others! I looked down upon myself, and saw that my very veins swarmed with a mote-like creation of shapes, springing into hideous existence from mine own disease, and mocking the Human Destiny with the same career of love, life, and death. Methought it must be a spell that change of scene would change. I shut my eyes with a frantic horror, and I fled, fast, fast, but blinded; and ever as I fled a laugh rang in my ears. I stopped not till I was at the feet of Lyciah, for she was my first involuntary thought. Whenever a care or fear possessed me, I had been wont to fly to her bosom, and charm my heart by the magic of her sweet voice. I was at the feet of Lyciah—I clasped her knees—I looked up imploringly into her face—God of my Fathers! the same curse attended me still! Her beauty was gone. There was no whole, —no one life in that Being whom I had so adored. Her life was composed of a million lives. Her stately shape, of atoms crumbling from each other, and so bringing about the ghastly state of corruption which reigned in all else around. Her delicate hues, her raven hair, her fragrant lips—Pah! What, what was my agony! I turned from her again,—I shrank in loathing from her embrace,—I fled once more,—on—on. I ascended a mountain, and looked down on the various leprosy of Earth. Sternly I forced myself to the task; sternly I inhaled the knowledge I had sought; sternly I drank in the horrible penalty I had dared.

“Demon!” I cried, “appear, and receive my curse!”

“Lo, I am by thy side evermore,” said the voice. Then I gazed, and, behold, the Fire was by my side; and I saw that it was the livid light that the jaws of Rottenness emits; and in the midst of the light, which was as its shroud and garment, stood a giant shape—that was the shape of a Corpse that had been for months buried. I gazed upon the Demon with an appalled yet unquailing eye, and, as I gazed, I re-

cognised in those ghastly lineaments a resemblance to the Female Spirit that had granted me the first fatal gift. But exaggerated, enlarged, dead,—Beauty rotted into Horror.

“I am that which thou didst ask to see face to face.—I am the Principle of Life.”

“Of Life! Out, horrible mocker!—hast thou no other name?”

“I have! and that name—CORRUPTION!”

“Bright Lamps of Heaven!” I cried, lifting my eyes in anguish from the loathly Charnel of the Universal Earth; “and is this, which men call ‘Nature,’—is this the sole Principle of the World?”

As I spoke, the huge carcass beneath my feet trembled. And over the face of the corpse beside me there fell a fear.—And lo! the heavens were lit up with a pure and glorious light, and from the midst of them there came forth A Voice which rolled slowly over the face of the charnel earth as the voice of thunder above the valley of the shepherd. “Such,” said the Voice, “is Nature, if thou acceptest Nature as the First Cause—such is the Universe without a God!”

Such are the penalties paid for thought which penetrates behind the veil of life, whether it search into the inner secrets of a drop of water on the disc of the microscope, the mysteries of physiology in the dissecting room, or in psychology and metaphysics, Lord Lytton's favourite world of study and speculation in the analysis of human character, or the more especially unhealthy and repulsive study of human motive, call it the curse of thought. It may be followed also by the coronet of thought; and we know not where, among authors, we can refer to a writer whose works so abound with illustrations of the curse—we must also add with illustrations of the coronet. The volumes to which we call attention especially challenge this review of Lord Lytton's character as an essayist; in them it is as if we see something of the process by which a great mind is made. They are also, as Baron Bunsen or Max Müller would say, chips from a workshop—they are mostly the rougher sketches or studies from the studio of an artist. Imagination being eminently the author's faculty and *forte*, he requires the extended fiction, the thoroughly furnished canvas, to give the effect of a whole to his thought or conception, although, like a Michael Angelo, he would visit and study in the school of anatomy, on the form of death, the disposition of the muscle, that he may paint and realise the living limb; and it is this close, patient, and thoughtful study, through immense varieties of character, or through a prodigious world of books and thoughts, which, among the masters of fiction, quite set him apart, and give to him the niche in our literature which, we venture to think, he occupies singly and alone. We quite fail

to remember any writer whose works show such heaps of every kind of literary spoil, such an intermeddling with all kinds and stores of knowledge, such volumes of thoughtful axioms and aphorisms, condensing the wit and wisdom of an ever active observation among all the fields and departments of human life and study. They are books for a student; and while intrigue and adventure, passion and tragedy, step across the stage, and command the interest of that larger class, that thoughtless multitude, to whom these are the only or most essential properties of fiction, they have those other attributes, perhaps in a pre-eminent degree, upon which the great multitudes of readers are quite unable to judge, which they now doubtless skip, and do not remember as forming any part of the works. It would be a curious thing to enumerate the books, the rare books, with which the author not only seems to be, but with which he must be, familiar, and upon which he reads to us competent essays. He illustrates himself. Certainly Mr. Caxton's discourse on the hygienic chemistry of books, his power of assimilation, seems to be marvellous. He tells us, indeed, in his essay on Gray, although there is no such thing, perhaps, as too much knowledge, there certainly is such a thing as too much reading; yet he would seem to have laid to heart, and made a note of the saying he quotes of Robert Hall on Dr. Kippis, "he put so many "books on the top of his head that he crushed out his brains." Movement among men, a life passed in society, a nature constantly wide-awake, a keen and intense faculty of observation—in fact what we have described above as a wondrously healthy power of digestion or literary assimilation, has saved him from the melancholy fate of Dr. Kippis; so that, while we are at once amused and amazed at the insatiable avidity of the reader, and the alacrity of the book-hunter, and should have been grateful to him had he added to his essays in *Caxtoniana* one "Concerning some of the rare books and pamphlets in Mr. Caxton's library;" yet it is as a creator and a poet, a seer of things in their completeness, that we most prize in him the fruits of his genius. But all this is, as we said, of the workshop, and the essays before us are illustrations of the workshop—threads from the loom, or sketches from the designer's room. These volumes deal with many departments of the writer's studies and stories, poetical and political, literary and practical. Although in political life Lord Lytton has now for many years changed sides, he is not a thorough thick-and-thin partisan; and in the political essays before us, on Pitt, and Fox, and Pym, and Falkland, there is little in the expression, and nothing in the spirit, to which the most thorough Liberal could object; there is a prevalent tone of

calm, thoughtful, and moderating wisdom, which utterly separates him from the fanaticism of the mere partisan, and which gives to his words the influence of instruction to all. We have no space, nor is this the opportunity for entering into any remark upon the author's political character, although it has also its strong and excellent lines; and during the brief period he occupied a seat in the Ministry, he devised some means which were not without their most beneficial influence in colonial administration. The essays in these volumes, so far as they are political, bear rather upon those speculative principles in which the scholar, the literary man and gentleman, indulges himself, rather than those more active or noisy politics, which compel a man to take a distinct side; he looks not unlike his own Trevanion, the man who sees pretty distinctly—too distinctly—both sides of the shield, to be a very warm partisan.

"Ah!" said Trevanion briskly, "but to do the part is the difficulty! Every actor helps to the catastrophe, and yet must do his part without knowing how all is to end. Shall he help the curtain to fall on a tragedy or comedy? Come, I will tell you the one secret of my public life—that which explains all its failure (for, in spite of my position, I have failed) and its regrets—*I want conviction!*"

"Exactly," said my father; "because to every question there are two sides, and you look at them both."

"You have said it," answered Trevanion, smiling also. "For public life a man should be one-sided; he must act with a party; and a party insists that the shield is silver, when, if it will take the trouble to turn the corner, it will see that the reverse of the shield is gold. Woe to the man who makes that discovery alone, while his party are still swearing the shield is silver, and that not once in his life, but every night!"

Parties cannot endure the man—we will not say with Trevanion, with no convictions—whose convictions are not red-hot. Success and eminence in the political world demand that a man should reject all refining ideas, all nice analysis, and seize upon the broad marks and lines of party for good or evil. All parties have some lines of truth in them, some features of moral excellence; in a word, there is much to be said on both sides—not all and utterly wrong, not all purely and perfectly right. All great revolutions and reformatations are achieved at the expense of much righteousness and justice; and it is quite one thing to sweep on with the headlong multitude, or to be one of the defenders of the dangerous bridge or pass, and to occupy the country mansion, and beneath the shade of ancient trees, and in the stately seclusion of Gothic libraries, to note down the excesses, failures, and mistakes, the errors of

judgment, or the freaks of passion, on this side or on that. Thus, in the political essays before us, Lord Lytton would only satisfy those who, like himself, try public men by a higher standard than that which party permits. On the whole he is just to Pym, and thinks he was the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived. Of Laud, on the contrary, he says, in language which may very well describe some representatives of Laud in our times: "His heated decisiveness was proportional to the narrowness of his scope, as a flame warms with but little fuel, if it burns up through contracted flues." As a novelist, none of Lord Lytton's works have the intense political character of Mr. Disraeli's; but politics still give an interest to many scenes and pages. But, as might be expected, the politics of Mr. Disraeli's novels, are those of the newspaper, politics of the hour, or the day, politics of the active and passionate present, enlivened by smart wit and sharp conversation. The politics in the novels of Lord Lytton, as in the essays before us, are those of the library—wisdom reading the past and framing it as a mirror, holding it up to reflect the present, with all its dangers, its theories, its changes, containing possible revolutions. Perhaps the reader feels in the perusal of these essays, that they bear some evidence of what we may call the timidity of the bookman. Homage is paid to popular institutions; indeed, in his essay on the "Reign of Terror," an essay, however, written in 1842, and therefore, we believe, before the acknowledgment of his change in political convictions, he says of the French Revolution: "Above all, it teaches communities, that to institutions alone liberty can be confided, and that institutions to be permanent must not too materially differ from the ancient habits that innovators seek to reform. The indifference to institutions is still a characteristic of our neighbours, gallant to overthrow, unsteady to construct; the error of their first revolution pervaded their last." If this was true, as it was in 1842, how still more true it eminently is since 1848. The essays of Lord Lytton do not seem to indicate very great faith in the people, as a people; it is therefore that institutions are prized. In his essay on Pitt and Fox, he seems to think there is still some possibility of the fulfilment of Pitt's prophecy,—“The part of our Constitution which will perish first is the prerogative of the King and the authority of the House of Peers.” Upon which the essayist wittily comments: "Rarely does the bridle last as long as the horse; the vitality of the moving body endures longer than the checks upon its action." We are going through these processes now; it is all guess work whether our bridle will be equal to our horse-

manship. In passages like these we cite, we remark that shrewd and thoughtful wonder and fear which makes the elegant conservator of established things, rather than the reformer and the innovator. One thing seems plain, Lord Lytton could scarcely be equal to the tricks of such a very queer Conservative as Mr. Disraeli. The political essays of the volumes do not occupy a large space by the side of the literary; we have perhaps sufficiently indicated their character. The early loves and ardours he felt for democratic institutions still seem to give warmth to these pages. No thorough-going Tory or High Churchman could be satisfied with his estimate of the times and men of the great civil war; we cannot but think he commits the whole question, and exonerates the party of the Parliament and the Revolution, when he says, "We grant that there was enough in Charles's character to justify all reasonable precautions against the duplicity which constituted its main defect, both as king and man." Beyond this it is scarcely possible to go. On the other hand, Pym commends himself to the essayist's admiration, apparently not at all to his love. The strife has been called a war of giants—it was not less a war of foxes; cunning had to match cunning, not less than strength had to match strength. Pym was a master of craft. We have little doubt that to him all means were right, to compass the overthrow of that domination which threatened to become, which in fact became, England's evil genius; notoriously the death of Strafford was compassed by the espionage of the younger Vane into the fatal red velvet cabinet. Few circumstances in our history have a more affecting and tragic interest than that red velvet cabinet of the elder Vane, and opinion will always be divided as to the moral nature of that transaction. Was Jael right in striking that nail through the temples of Sisera? Was it quite the thing to administer this after she had brought him butter in the lordly dish? Can we defend the sword of Judith? Are there not moments in the history of a nation when, beneath the shadows of great fears, and impelled by strong passions and excitements, some of the items of the moral law seem to be suspended? Inquire what would have been the consequences to England had young Vane not pried into that red velvet cabinet; the transaction has ever seemed to us a mystery. It seems to us he must have known what to expect there before he applied the key to it. The indignation of the elder Vane has never satisfied us that he was ignorant of the intention of the younger; it seems as if the information must have come from him; Lord Lytton denounces the whole transaction. Our moral notions, as expressed above, will seem to

him loose, vague, and dangerous; but this paragraph furnishes us with a passage illustrating the historical and political essayist:—

But if Pym had the vehemence of Achilles, he had no less notably the craft of Ulysses. He could avail himself of the most dishonourable agencies, yet with such adroitness and plausibility that, in the eyes of the public, their dishonour did not sully himself. He converted into his most serviceable spy the mistress of Strafford, the confidante of Henrietta. The object of Lady Carlisle in her unspeakable perfidy must always remain a mystery. We dismiss, as a conjecture irreconcilable with the slightest knowledge of human nature, the supposition that she desired to avenge on Charles the death of Strafford, which was compassed by Pym; nor, though Pym was as much accused of licentiousness by his enemies as Strafford had been by his, do we believe that the intercourse between Pym and Lady Carlisle was that of criminal love. But she was debased into his compliant tool by the same power of character which had charmed her in Strafford. Nothing is more common amongst women of that stamp than a kind of slavish idolatry, not so much of intellectual eminence as of the reputation that belongs to it. They fall in love with celebrity, and flatter themselves that they thus gain equality with genius. He reconciled the sanctimonious purism of the younger Vane to an act which in our day would exclude its perpetrator from the pale of gentlemen, and which barbed with a just insult Cromwell's exclamation, "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" We refer to the paper which cost Lord Strafford his head, and we take Vane's own account of his conduct respecting it. He said, "that his father, being in the North with the King the summer before, had sent up his keys to his secretary, then at Whitehall, and had written to him, his son, that he should take from him those keys which opened his boxes where his writings and evidences of his land were, to the end that he might cause an assurance to be perfected which concerned his wife." The case so far stands thus: the elder Vane, then Secretary of State, and as such sworn to keep secret the affairs of council within his cognizance, intrusts his son with the power to search amongst certain receptacles for a strictly private paper affecting that son's marriage settlement. The son was not then a youth new to public affairs, and ignorant of the sanctity of his father's obligations to secrecy. He himself had been a governor in Virginia; he was at that time a servant of the Crown as Treasurer of the Navy; he was therefore necessarily aware of the duties that attach to office, and the inviolable respect that is due to official documents. Well, then, the younger Vane, having found the private papers which alone he had been permitted to look for, and "despatched what depended thereon," states that "he had *the curiosity* to desire to see what was in a red velvet cabinet that stood with the other boxes, and therewith required the key of that cabinet from the secretary, as if he still wanted something towards the business his father had directed. Here, then, is a public man, a gentleman, who, trusted with keys for a special pur-

pose confined to his own private affairs, coolly owns to the unutterable baseness and breach of trust of prying into a cabinet which he is not privileged to open, and tells his father's secretary a deliberate lie, in order to obtain the key. On opening this cabinet he finds that it contains the official papers which his father is sworn to keep secret from him as from all men. What would have been the first impulse of any man of the most ordinary honour? Surely to have veiled his eyes and relocked the cabinet. Young Vane on the contrary determinately sets to work to read them. He finds the very notes taken by his father as Secretary of State, part of them couched in cipher. He has thus his father's official honour and sworn oath in his hands. He still reads on — no cipher is sacred to him; and having discovered in these notes something that appears to implicate the man with whom, by the way, himself and his father have a personal quarrel, he deems himself bound in conscience to communicate the contents to some person of better judgment than himself. And the person he selects out of the whole world to show the notes officially taken by his father at the King's council-board, and the implications therein contained against his father's official colleague, is the head of the opposition to the King, and the bitterest and most ruthless personal enemy of the man against whom he has detected an evidence which it was dishonour and perfidy in himself to have seen. He shows it to Pym, lets Pym take a copy of it; and, then, without a word to his father, replaces it in the velvet cabinet. We take the younger Vane's own account, and do not add to it Lord Clarendon's belief that the whole was a trick between the two Vanes for the purpose of destroying Strafford, against whom they had a grudge. And we know not which conveys a lower estimate of personal honour — the act itself, or the unconscious ignoring of the most self-evident obligations of social life with which the tale was confessed and gloried in.

But it is clear that the soul of the essayist is much more pleasantly at home in literature than in politics. Lord Macaulay threw his whole power into his political essays. They were laboured with astonishing art; the rhetorician piled his climaxes, his periods, paradoxes, and antitheses, elaborating his characters, circumstances, and scenes, and building the body of his genius into the historical essay. Nothing like that occurs here; in the essay certainly Lord Lytton is not a rhetorician. He hits off the lively strokes of wit, but not to consummate periods or pages of argument. He speaks of Fox as "adopting slovenly habits in espousing popular opinions;" the excellence of Lord Rockingham, "the dullest man," Lord Lytton thinks, "whom England ever saw in the rank of First Minister," is dismissed by saying, "doubtless it is a merit in a sack to be clean, but a clean sack stands on end no more than a foul one if it is empty." The Old Whig of the time of Pitt, his exclusiveness, his belief that

he was one of the peculiar people, a chosen generation, is well and wittily described:—

The Whigs of that day were the Hebrews of politics. Regarding themselves as a chosen race, the privileges of their creed were to be inherited at birth, not conceded to proselytes. They courted no converts, even amongst those whom they aspired to govern. Over Edom they might cast their shoe, and Moab they might make their washpot; but no Tory from Edom, and no Radical from Moab, has right to claim admission into the sacred tribes: in the eyes of the rulers of Israel, Lord Chatham's son was a—Gentile.

Thus, if we have no marks of the rhetorician, while we have yet patient, painstaking, and thoughtful narrative, we have abundant strokes of satire and wit. They increase and multiply as the noble essayist comes into the more congenial fields of literature and letters. Goldsmith, Charles Lamb and his companions, Sir Thomas Browne, and Gray, detain us very pleasantly. His characterisation of Charles Lamb is very admirable: "The humour of Charles Lamb is at once pure and genial. It has no malice in its smile, his keenest sarcasm is but his "archest pleasantry." Towards Goldsmith, as might be expected, he has a much more kindly aspect than some of his biographers; feels much more tenderly, and has a much more genial word, for instance, than Lord Macaulay. Lord Lytton knows the trials of men of letters better, and while not critically unconscious of their defects, appreciates their trials and sorrows more truly. Lord Macaulay's essay on Goldsmith is a most ungenerous paper, and is a fine illustration of the way in which that brilliant writer was frequently wont to surrender the truth of things to exaggeration and polished periods. Thus upon Goldsmith's alleged ridiculous infirmity in conversation Lord Lytton is very lenient, and gives a very different impression. He generously "inclines to think that in Goldsmith "much of what passed for silly, was drollery in disguise:"—

To have seen and heard Goldsmith to advantage one should have followed him from the Turk's Head—escaped with him from the polished sneer of Beauclerk—the arch malice of Garrick—the imperious domination of Johnson—the affluent resources of Burke—the conceited condescension of Boswell—one should not have sat next him at a table, where he is stopped, when talking his best, by a "Hush! the Doctor (Johnson) is going to say something;" or where, politely thanking a pedantic schoolmaster for an invitation he supposes meant for himself, he, the unsurpassed writer of a great age, is crushed with a "No—no! 'tis not you I mean, Doctor Minor,—'tis Doctor Major there." One should have seen him presiding over the banquet where

he himself was Mæcenæ—his gay spirit released from restraint, and the “two great wrinkles between the brows” smoothed at sight of the happy faces he loved to contemplate;—singing songs, cracking jokes:—or, better still, one should, like the young adventurer whom he found reading *Boileau* in the Temple Gardens, have crept into his confidence by its open gate of benevolence. Had the biographer before us lived in that day, we are sure we should have received very different impressions of Goldsmith’s conversational eloquence. We can well conceive how an admirer so delicate and earnest would have soothed to sleep the self-distrust, broken the solemn spell of artificial restraint, by the homage of due respect,—have led the frank poet, too happy to “tell of all he felt and all he knew,” to converse of his own early wanderings and light-hearted trials, when the pony walked away with him into the Highlands;—when the Carinthian shut the door in his face;—when he lived with the beggars in Axe Lane, or pounded in the apothecary’s mortar. Here, we believe, his talk would have been worthy of his books; full of that experience in which lay his wisdom,—of gentle pathos, and bewitching humour. “Vates caret vate;” the poet wanted the poet’s heart to understand, the poet’s tongue to speak of him.

It is in the literary essays we find the greatest number of those which may be called the side windows of a subject, through which, while we obtain glimpses, we find them the most instructive glimpses of an author’s mind and character. And indeed this is one of the most charming features of the biographical essay. It has a tentative character; old and well-known facts acquire new interest, because held up like a prism to reflect the author’s point of view. A new meaning is given to an old incident or anecdote, heard years ago, and repeated again and again; then the life becomes suggestive when a full mind talks about it; it becomes a text, and the life itself lives in another life. It is set as in a panopticon, and receives from every point illustration and beauty, as shone upon by the mind of the affectionate and reverent admirer. And things concerning the style of the writer, or the habits of the writer, come in the way, and differences and divergences are marked; and if the critic be himself an able and interesting writer, there is an enjoyment in finding a key, perhaps, to his own faiths or foibles—a clue to the way in which his own mind or style grew into harmony or completeness. Our author, for instance, has something to say in defence of that curious insignificance in some great men, a tenderness to the ways and usages of fashion, even when amounting to foppery. He says:—

Peculiarities of dress, even if amounting to foppery, are common among eminent men, and are carried off from ridicule by ease in some,

or stateliness in others. We may smile at Chatham, scrupulously crowned in his best wig, if intending to speak; at Erskine, drawing on his bright yellow gloves before he rose to plead; at Horace Walpole, in a cravat of Gibbon's carvings; at Raleigh, loading his shoes with jewels so heavy that he could scarcely walk; at Petrarch, pinching his feet till he crippled them; at the rings which covered the philosophical fingers of Aristotle; at the bare throat of Lord Byron; the Armenian dress of Rousseau; the scarlet and gold coat of Voltaire; or the prudent carefulness with which Cæsar scratched his head, so as not to disturb the locks arranged over the bald place. But most of these men, we apprehend, found it easy to enforce respect and curb impertinence.

More interesting still are his remarks on style. We must quote the following fine passage:—

In almost every age, when *a people* have become *readers*, there are two schools of composition;—the one closely resembling the language commonly spoken; the other constructed upon the principle, that what is written should be something nobler or lovelier than what is spoken; that fine writing ought not so much literally to resemble, as spiritually to idealise, good talking;—that the art of composition, like every other art, when carried to its highest degree, is not the representation, but, as Browne expresses it, “the *perfection* of nature;”—and that, as music to sound, so is composition to language. A great writer of either school reaches the same shore, and must pass over the same stream; but the one is contented with a ferry, the other builds up a bridge—one goes along the stream, the other *above* it. Of these two schools of composition, the Eloquent and the Familiar, the last often lightly esteemed in its time, and rather commanding a wide than a reverent audience, passes, with little change and little diminution of popularity, from generation to generation. But the first stands aloof the edifice of its age—copied not for ordinary uses, however well formed by scholars in exact and harmonious symmetry. Royal, but unprolific, it is a monarch without a dynasty. It commands, is obeyed, adored—dies, and leaves no heir. Gibbon and Junius are imitated but by schoolboys and correspondents to provincial newspapers; but the homely Locke, the natural Defoe, the familiar Swift, the robust if boorish manliness of Cobbett, leave their successors; and find (perhaps unconsciously) their imitators, so long as the language lasts. This is no detraction from the immortality of greater and more imaginative minds. It is the characteristic of their immortality, that, though they inspire, they are not copied: mediately or immediately the spirit of Milton has had its influence on almost every great poet that has succeeded him—but poetasters alone have mimicked the machinery of his verse. He who has really caught the mantle of the prophet, is the last man to imitate his walk. As with poets, so with those prose-writers who have built up a splendid and unfamiliar style;—after the first rage of contemporaneous imitation, no one of sound taste or ori-

ginal talent dreams of imitating them. They are not, however, the less certain of duration. Their spirits live apart in the sumptuous palaces they have erected : Men, it is true, do not fashion after palaces their streets and thoroughfares ; but Windsor Castle is not less likely to last because Windsor Castle was not the model for Regent Street.

Hitherto we have referred more particularly to the first of the three volumes. The second and the third are devoted entirely to metaphysical and purely literary discussions. The second volume has long been a favourite in its old form of *The Student*, in which, perhaps, it is not very well known to many of our readers. It is full of suggestion, of knowledge of the world, and contains many passages and pages which seem to show the author of the *Caxtons* and *My Novel* in very much the same moods and phases of thought in the earlier periods of his literary life. All the tales have an allegorical similitude ; thought in the author's mind seems instantly to become imagination ; abstract things take shape to him. It has been a question, with reference to his own literary creations, how far he has been able to separate himself from his own conceptions. Sometimes, in a not very complimentary manner, readers have supposed they saw his own identity in the character, even as Byron was supposed to give his own likeness in Corsairs, Giaours, Childe Harolds, and Don Juans ; or as Schiller in the same way became inseparable from his higher heroes and creations ; and in a sense, we suppose, it must be certainly true that a great poet is so inseparable, but we apprehend only from an order of character. A great poet, we suppose it has often been felt, cannot transcend his highest character. Milton is the noblest faculties of his Satan ; Shakespeare is his Hamlet and Falstaff ; Goethe is his Faust and Mephistophiles. We forbear from applying the same remarks to eminent and living poets amongst us. There is a class of character in fiction from which it seems easy for the mind of the writer to disengage itself. Characters of the ordinary and melodramatic range ; characters not marked by strong features of commanding passion, of vast powers, of immense mental strength, of infinite speculations, amazing cunning, or large destinies ; to attempt such characters as these provokes certainly the suspicion that the writer has known such—must have had in his own experience relations to such powers, developed or undeveloped. We venture to think that it is in the conception of such characters, immense in evil and in good, that our author has especially distinguished himself and holds his place, as many think, dangerously, separate and apart from other writers. It is, perhaps, in the extent of his range that he has diminished the impression of his powers. He has not, like some of the greatest

of his contemporaries, especially narrowed himself to the society of his own day. Thackeray's immense mind and fearfully hard satire, or all-subduing pathos, were confined within a very narrow circle. He was an intense realist; metaphysics, we should suppose, were an abomination to him. If he ever touched history, all that came out of it was to turn it, as in the family of Fitz-Battleaxe, into an occasion of satire: all this, in another way, is true of the delightful humours and humanities of Charles Dickens. To inferior writers, such as the Trollopes, Collinses, and the immense race of painters of modern social manners, it is not necessary to refer; but it seems to have come about that the eminent popularity of this school of social stereoscopists has depreciated the ideal school of fiction, as if it must necessarily be tainted with unreality. Satirists and humorists not only ply their powers upon social ways and manners, but there departments of literature which are supposed to be fair game too. Sir Walter Scott was so eminently homely, practical, simple, and direct, his genius was so entirely free from any of the tints or taints, as the reader chooses to regard them, of metaphysical idealisation, that his historical novels, in which, with marvellous vigour, he endows the old forms of burgher or baron with modern idiom, motive, and vitality, are permitted to pass unquestioned. Lord Lytton's are of another order. His characters, some of them, we surely think dangerously and suggestively vicious, like Arbaces, or Paul Clifford, or Eugene Aram, or Delamere and Lucretia, are often moulded upon a lofty ideal; he has an abundance of characters derived from the most ordinary ranks of life. What an incomparably sweet and perfect portrait is that of old Sir Miles; but the ambition of the writer is evidently seen in delineations like Earnest Maltravers, Devereux, Zanoni, Guy Darrel. The attempt to produce such characters sometimes creates in the mind a sense of puzzling imperfectness; a great character is built up out of unfathomable inconsistencies. Hamlet himself has produced, ever since his birth, discussions among all orders of critics as to the bearing of his character. The characters like Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or Parson Adams, like Old Osborne or Sir Pitt Crawley, or old Sedley, or Pendennis, or even Colonel Newcombe, are straightforward creatures, studies, or legible characters, or rather, perhaps, not studies. As conceptions they tax no unfolding process, no exhibition of the course a wild and daring nature takes in its seeking. There are characters in Lord Lytton's writings easy to draw, often to be met with, but it takes an artist, not only of distinguished but of peculiar faculty, to give the conception of such a character as John Burley in quest of his one-eyed perch. In our thirst for the natural, and de-

mand for real men and women, as in many other things, we degenerate somewhat into cant, and real men and women are supposed to be real in proportion to the assurance that we shall find them living in our street. He who has looked much at life, and seen much of human nature, becomes aware that all round us lies eccentric types of human character; eccentric in their majesty and their meanness, in their capacities of virtue and of vice, in their latent or disclosed characters; eccentric, not merely in the ordinary way in which human nature may be eccentric, with the singularities of a Malvolio, or a Philosopher Square, or a Colonel Altamont, a Pickwick, the grandfather of Little Nell, or Barnaby Rudge; such removals from the sphere of ordinary experience are more easily seen and apprehended than the bolder eccentricities of mind or moral character. These often become worthy of a study; perhaps they are earnest seekers foiled in their efforts to know, or earnest actors foiled in their attempts to do; perhaps they are successful, and have won their way through a marvellous tissue of improbabilities; perhaps they are students with few means of attainment; perhaps they are masters of many a complicated scheme of vice. Lord Lytton's novels bear relation to the design in the school of fiction—to turn such persons into studies and investigations for higher purposes, we think. The quality and character of his fiction we dwelt on at length some years since, and these remarks are only introduced here because, in the second volume before us, we seem to see how such studies grew in the writer's mind. There is no lack of satire; there is a bitterness of epigrammatic satire which we know not very well where we could find surpassed. Such is the "Story of Arasmanes, the Seeker." Poor Arasmanes found himself in some strange country where "not to have the precious metals" was not to have virtue, and to confess it was to be an atheist; but the country, however, had the happy characteristic in its chief city, that the people never knew what a man had been when he became rich. "Appear to-morrow in purple and they will never dream that they saw thee yesterday in rags."

The kind Zamielides, then, conducting his cousins into his own chamber, left them to attire themselves in splendid garments, which he had ordered to be prepared for them. He gave them a palace and large warehouses of merchandise.

"Behold," said he, taking Arasmanes to the top of a mighty tower which overlooked the sea,—“behold yonder ships that rise like a forest of masts from that spacious harbour; the six vessels with the green flags are thine. I will teach thee the mysteries of Trade, and thou wilt soon be as wealthy as myself.”

"And what is Trade, my Lord?" asked Arasmanes.

"Trade, replied the Prince, "is the worship that the people of this country pay to their god."

"Chairolas" is another of these satiric pieces, in which some of the usages of modern society are held up to ridicule. The following is a very fair hit at law, we suppose, by the description of the amusements of Apatia:

Another amusement consisted in giving certain persons, trained for the purpose, and dressed in long gowns, a quantity of gold, in return for which they threw dirt at you. The game was played thus:—You found one of these gownsmen—gave him the required quantity of gold—and then stood to be pelted at in a large tennis-court; your adversary did the same: if the gownsmen employed against you dirtied you more than your gownsmen dirtied your antagonist, you were stripped naked and turned adrift in the streets; but if your antagonist was the most bespattered, you won your game, and received back half the gold you had given to your gownsmen. This was a most popular diversion. They had various other amusements, all of the same kind, in which the chief entertainment was the certainty of loss.

For the rest, the common occupation was quarrelling with each other, buying and selling, picking pockets, and making long speeches about liberty and glory!

The fault which has been often urged against Lord Lytton as a writer of fiction, is, that his personages are rather great studies than real persons—they are representative and typical. We apprehend this arises from the especial impression produced by some of his characters; it is a charge which holds even against Ben Jonson; they are somewhat alike in this, they overload and make a conception a vehicle for a world of learning. It is the virtue or the fault of the *Alchemist*, and *Volpone*, and the *Fox*; no people ever talked, or could talk, as Sir Epicure Mammon talks. Yet in Jonson it is very delightful, and while we read we do not desire to hear Mammon or Subtle talk in any other way than they do; the characters are not untrue to themselves. Meantime, while these, and such as these, are among the most striking and impressive of Jonson's characters, others are simple and natural, and ordinary enough. And in Lytton, innumerable persons are as far removed from the essayist as Parson Dale or even Mr. Caxton, who, however huge his learning, is as simple and natural a character as we could meet in a long perambulation through a large city. The essayist, however, does constantly appear the student, who seems even to compile a character, and intends it to be,

as in Adam Warner, or Rienzi, Algernon Mordaunt, or Harley L'Estrange, representative—a vehicle for the utterance of the writer's self, or an embodiment of possible character or peculiar opinion. This is an impression, too, which is conveyed in these slighter essays, "Kosem Kesamim," "Arasmanes," and "Chairolas," or, in fact, all persons who, like many other characters in the author's writings, form essays and embody thoughts, and make concrete and visible floating, temporary, and abstract modes of feeling.

The satirist is most conspicuous in the tales in this volume, the intellectual view of life; satire is especially the sport of the analyst; in general it is the occupation of the younger years—years of the intellect. Even Thackeray seemed to outgrow it, and mellow the sharp acid of his style. It is usually the language of disappointment, and it survives longest in the most restless, dissatisfied, and unquiet natures. Of course there is a genial and ungenial, a gentle and an unkindly, satire, and the later pieces of Lord Lytton are certainly relieved from the acerbity and bitterness of the earlier works; and, as in *Uncle Jack*, with his pats of butter, the satire turns into humour, and excites no unkindly smile. Before we lay aside these goodly volumes, we ought to reserve some few lines for a remark or two upon those other papers, the literary essays of the volumes, although, as we have said, the tales themselves very properly fall beneath that designation. Lord Lytton will forgive us if we express our feeling that the lengthy essay on "The Influence of Love on Literature and Life" scarcely reaches the mark we should have thought a paper on that subject from his pen would have attained. It is a magnificent subject, and it is true that the passion exorcised has exercised an immense influence over all life, but not, we should think, on its erotic side. We question still its material influence over ancient lives or the ancient civilisations, although the poet asks,—

What lost a world and bade a hero fly,
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye;
Yet be the soft Triumvir fault forgiven,
How many lose by that, not earth but heaven?

And another poet tells us how, in the world before the flood,—

Passion in aid of virtue conquered pride,
And women won the heart to heaven denied.

We apprehend, however, that for the true conception of the influence of love both on literature and life, we must espe-

cially derive our instances from the Christian epochs and Christian ideals. Dante seems to be one of the most illustrious of all instances, and we do not see that any reference is made to his matchless poem, its birth, and the influence it and the *vita nuova* exercised. The essays are, many of them, most pleasing; a pensive quietness pervades these early productions. Much of *Caxtoniana* appears in them, with the difference which may be imagined thirty years would make in an author's mind. "Knebworth," the monologue upon the author's noble old Elizabethan house, its park and gardens, and little village church close to the mansion, its lake and stately trees, its few villagers, all, in fact, children of the estate, the quiet, soothing resting-place, of which we see the artist's likeness in the old house of Sir Miles in *Lucretia*. Essays like that on "The Difference between Authors, and the Impression conveyed of them by their Works," "On the Departure of Youth," "On Satiety," "On Ill-health and its Consolations," "On the Want of Sympathy," are quiet essays, evidently jotted down without effort. One of the most pleasing and unpretensive of all is on "Lake Leman," a much less known spot when the essay was penned than now, when tides of people pour into it and through it every year, and when in fact it has become a favourite London suburb, with English residences lining its haunted shores. Very few of Lord Lytton's readers now will be unable to accompany him in memory through the suggestive shrines and scenes on its banks. We well remember, thirty years since, even the amazement with which we read his enthusiasm for Calvin, as he walked through the city of the great theologian, and seemed to find all nature around sympathetic with, and responsive to, the mighty majesty of that hard but great intelligence; not Gibbon, or Rousseau, Voltaire, or even Byron received so distinct and deliberate a homage from his pen, as he visits the scenes sacred to the memory of them all. We are sure our readers will like to see the eloquent and passionate words in which he does honour to one much misunderstood, but among the very foremost in the armies of the great soldiers of freedom:—

It was a warm, clear, and sunny day on which I commenced the voyage of the Lake. Looking behind, I gazed on the roofs and spires of Geneva, and forgot the present in the past. What to me was its little community of watchmakers, and its little colony of English? I saw Charles of Savoy at its gates—I heard the voice of Berthelier invoking Liberty, and summoning to arms. The struggle past—the scaffold rose and the patriot became the martyr. His blood was not spilt in vain. Religion became the resurrection of Freedom. The

town is silent—it is under excommunication. Suddenly a murmur is heard—it rises—it gathers—the people are awake—they sweep the streets—the images are broken: Farel is preaching to the council! Yet a little while, and the stern soul of Calvin is at work within those walls. The loftiest of the Reformers, and the one whose influence has been the most wide and lasting, is the earliest also of the great tribe of the persecuted—the City of the Lake receives within her arms. The benefits he repaid—behold them around! Wherever property is secure, wherever thought is free, wherever the ancient learning is revived, wherever the ancient spirit has been caught, you trace the work of the Reformation, and the inflexible, inquisitive, unconquerable soul of Calvin! He foresaw not, it is true, nor designed, the effects he has produced. The same sternness of purpose, the same rigidity of conscience that led him to reform, urged him to persecute. The exile of Bolsec, and the martyrdom of Servet, rest darkly upon his name. But the blessings we owe to the first inquirers compensate their errors. Had Calvin not lived, there would have been not one but a thousand Servets! The spirit of inquiry redeems itself as it advances; once loosed, it will not stop at the limit to which its early disciples would restrain it. Born with them, it does not grow with their growth, it survives their death—it but commences where they conclude. In one century, the flames are for the person, in another for the work; in the third, work and person are alike sacred. The same town that condemned *La Contrat Social* to the conflagration, makes now its chief glory in the memory of Rousseau.

The longest of the essays, if an essay it may be called, is that which, in the *Student*, bore the ambitious title of the “New Phædo; or, Conversations on Things Human and Divine with ‘one Condemned,’” in fact with one dying with consumption. In the present version, although apparently entirely untouched in substance, its title is lowered to that of “Conversations with an ‘Ambitious Student in his Last Illness.’” How life turns into a disappointment; how out of the disappointment new consolations come; how the soul realises, by processes of thought and feeling, the consciousness of its immortality; how Christianity, or rather how Christ himself, becomes the sheet anchor of a despairing spirit’s rest; these are the topics which perhaps the reader will be surprised to find discussed in these pages. The following will, we think, seem to our readers a delightful and invigorating passage. It follows upon the discussion of the unsatisfactory character of all the heathen arguments, including those of Socrates, in the “Phædo,” for the immortality of the soul, as compared with those sublime assurances to faith which grow out of the higher knowledge imparted by Christ.

What comfort is it to me to think that my soul may live again under

other shapes; but *I*—my sentient faculty—my memory and perception, not feel the renewed existence? This would not be a continuance of myself, but a lapse into another as distinct from myself—as Socrates from Newton. No, there is nothing in the “*Phædo*” that could convince a modern unbeliever; but there is everything that can charm and delight one who already believes—who desires only to embellish his belief with beautiful thoughts,—and who from the Pisgah of his conviction looks down on those who have strayed, erring, but with faith, over the glimmering and uncertain wastes of the past Desert. All our later upholders of Natural Religion have, even to the sceptics in Revealed, been more successful in their reasonings than this lofty Ancient. It has been among the peculiar blessings of Revealed Religion that it has led men more logically and deliberately to the arguments for Natural Theology. Its very enemies have, in dissenting from its principles, confirmed its most grand conclusions. Revelation made the eternity of the soul a grave and settled doctrine, which scholars could not bandy about according to their fantasies. It attracted the solemn attention of sages to all the arguments for and against it. And out of a thousand disputes have proceeded the reasonings upon which it has found its basis. When Christ said, “*I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD,*” he uttered one of the sublimest of His prophecies. His faith has called forth the countless luminaries of Truth; not only the Reformers, who in examining Religion established Liberty, but the Philosophers who, in advancing to the realm of Doubt, have extended the empire of Thought—they penetrated lands which we have since converted—they discovered the shadowy regions of Uncertainty since colonised with Truths: and Darkness has produced our guides and constellations, as Night awakes the Stars. Instead of checking Philosophy, Faith has made it yet more searching and severe. If speculations indeed remain which our understanding cannot solve—if the Origin of Evil yet perplex and sadden us—if we cannot guess how the soul enters nor why departs—nor know the secret of “the harmony of the lyre;”—we can still fall back upon the resting-places we have gained, and not suffer our ignorance to be the judge because it fails to become the witness. Satisfied that if Faith has its enigmas, Disbelief is yet more obscure, we learn the Philosophy of Hope,—and, when the soul shrinks back, appalled, from the wilderness of space around it, and the dazzle of the sun, we may trust yet that He who gifted it with its wings may hereafter increase its strength, and guide its wanderings, and enable it to face the intolerable lustre which now blinds its gaze. Once convinced that there is a God, and we annihilate despair!—we may still have our doubts and our desires—our sorrows and our cares—but it is enough to know that we are destined to survive them. And when we are weary of our vain wanderings, we remember that Thought can find its home with God, and that it is on a Father’s bosom that we hush ourselves to rest!

With this extract we must bid farewell to these delightful volumes. They do not add anything to our conception of Lord Lytton’s great powers; they will add nothing to his reputation—he cannot suppose they will. They are a collection

of miscellaneous papers, in which we see how an incessantly active mind has been employing itself through many years. They are fragments of study and observation, reading and parti-coloured fancy; they abundantly illustrate the confession he makes in opening one of the essays: "In earlier youth I was smitten by that ambition for the universal, not uncommon, perhaps, in persons of versatile and lively imagination." If we had not learnt to distinguish between egoism and egotism, and, while feeling some contempt for the first, to look with interest, affection, and respect upon the last, Lord Lytton would be in danger of the charge of egotism—in fact, all these papers are egoistic; perhaps this is in reality the foundation of many of the exceptions taken to him as a writer. All his novels are more or less egoistic; they are all more or less subjective; they throw forth on the disc of the imagination an individual consciousness. Few writings of great mark in the present day are not so. Goethe was an egoist, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning are all egoists, Coleridge an intense egoist. The power of self-introspection, a watchfulness over, a power of describing, the individual self, a man of intense interest to himself, to his own processes of thought, his own formation of character, his own mental strifes and achievements; an intellectual view of himself, what he wanted to attain, and how he has attained. Very much of all this characterises these volumes; it perhaps gives the clue to that which we spoke of above, the apparent inseparableness of certain poets from their own character and creations. It is supposed that such marks narrow the sympathy, give a sense of belonging to an intellectual aristocracy, which treats with some indifference those who have not been born to the graceful lounge, the life of comparative idleness, almost necessary to foster such habits of thought, perhaps a disposition to treat with some *hauteur* those whose simple flute-like airs seem to come from no such introspective depths of soul. From this charge it has been supposed Lord Lytton is not entirely free; perhaps it seems to be hinted in the contempt with which he treats a little thing we have long thought one of the most graceful and lovely little fragrances of genius in our language, when he says, "We fear death has long since kindly accepted;" and we notice the same somewhat severe remarking in these and other portions of his writings. But at the close of this paper we will not flaw our own gratitude by an ungracious word upon one who really seems to carry so much sympathy for almost all he touches, and finds a loveable quotation from the simplest and most out-of-the-way books, whether it be some rare, valuable, and forgotten pamphlet, or the life of Richard Cecil.

II.

POPULAR EXPOSITIONS OF SCIENCE.*

THE two volumes we have placed at the head of this brief paper are among the most attractive expositions of scientific topics we remember to have seen. The illustrations are copious, and as admirable as copious, often presenting, in a most vivid and yet pictorial and scenic manner, some scientific fact to the eye. The anecdotes flow with affluence over the pages, and the style of composition is lucid, and cannot fail to interest those for whom the works are especially compiled and prepared—those whose acquaintance with science in any department is perhaps slight, and who need to be fascinated by the curious and entertaining, the anecdotal or luminous, character of its facts and doctrines. We hope Messrs. Sampson Low have many other similar volumes in store for their readers; such a series exactly hits a very popular want. The volumes before us are entirely free from that great vice of almost all, even popular treatises, on scientific subjects—laboured technicality. Few writers have succeeded in liberating science from this burden; and probably most readers have felt, on first making the acquaintance with some department of science, that however easy it might be to seize the meaning of a fact, and to understand its relations, to understand the language in which it was set forth was altogether another matter. Hence also it has frequently been the case that some readers have stored their memories with technical descriptions, while in entire ignorance of the things described. The error on the other side has been sometimes still more ludicrous. If cir-

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- * 1. *The Wonders of Optics.* By F. Marion. Translated from the French, and Edited by Charles W. Quin, F.C.S. Illustrated with Seventy Engravings on Wood, and a Coloured Frontispiece. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.
2. *Thunder and Lightning.* By W. de Fonvielle. Translated from the French, and Edited by T. L. Phipson, Ph.D., F.C.S., &c. Illustrated with Thirty-nine Engravings on Wood. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

cumlocution and learned phraseology has often embarrassed a youthful student or reader with something of the perplexity Swift describes, when he says, he told Newton that when he was asked a 'question, he would revolve it in a circle, round and round and round, before he could produce an answer. The scientific works of Count Romford, highly valuable as they are, are full of most ludicrous illustrations arising from the desire to be sufficiently explicit. Thus in one of his economic treatises, he gives a receipt for a pudding, and then a page of description how to eat it. Concluding, he says, "The pudding is to be eaten with "a knife and fork, beginning at the circumference of the slice, "and approaching regularly towards the centre, each piece of "pudding being taken up by the fork, and dipped into the "butter, or dipped into it in part only, as is commonly the case "before it is carried to the mouth." This is deliciously explicit; but such a nice and dainty detail in style, carried into some departments, becomes as ambiguous as the most learned technicality. Our age has often been justly described as the age of science; yet there seems to be but little scientific reading. The knowledge of the great and interesting facts and conclusions of science is very shallow, and enters but very slightly into the thought or education of the young. We have often been struck, in looking over the list of a course of lectures for hundreds of various institutes, literary societies, young men's Christian associations, &c., to notice that probably, and most likely, not a single evening throughout a whole session is given to the exposition of any doctrine or department of science. It may be said that scientific lectures are very few, and that even most of those have not the ability to make the doctrines lucid and the illustrations attractive; but, we suppose, here too a demand would create a supply, and we cannot but attribute this really melancholy absence to the fact that the "great arrangements, the marvellous combinations and transformations of nature, are supposed to have little interest for ordinary hearers. How remarkable it is that readings of poetry, passages of fiction, humorous scenes and complications, should have such power to entertain, while the great mysteries, the truly astounding circumstances of nature, shall excite no curiosity, and seem unable to stir the sense of wonder! It may be, indeed, that such knowledge is too wonderful, so high that the ordinary mind cannot attain to it, while the humours of every-day life are easily understood, and the clink of rhymes readily affect the ear. There is, however, no doubt the impression that science is not interesting, and that only to the initiated and well-informed can it be made thoroughly entertaining. Such works as these before us quite contradict this impression; each volume might be effec-

tively used as an entertaining lecture, and all the engravings have the interest and effect of a succession of well-executed dissolving views. There is, it is also true, in many minds, an utter prejudice against such popular expositions of science. Thoroughly furnished scientific minds have often contributed to this prejudice, regarding it as a mere playing with the magnificent tools, and idling in the illustrious walks of science, regarding the reading even thoroughly of many such works as those before us, as, in the well-known language of Dr. Johnson, "the getting a mouthful of all subjects, and a bellyful of none." But a mouthful in this sense of anything, is all that most can command. All have the ordinary pursuit, occupation, and knowledge of life with which they are familiar, and which goes to make up the daily bread; beyond this, poetry or fiction, science or philosophy, is the appendix, the dessert, the occasional wine of life; and the occasional entrance upon the border-lands, the outskirts of some great continent, or department of science, can only have the effect, if the mind be at all prepared, of enlarging the boundaries of thought and observation, elevating the mind to the perception of the immense regions of knowledge beyond the ordinary highways of life. And, indeed, magnificent achievements, stupendous performance, has become so much the order of circumstance with us, that, singular as it seems to say it, the ordinary mind needs to step aside into some such volumes as these we have mentioned, to keep still its sense of wonder healthfully awake. The wonderful has almost ceased to be impressive with us—what with Menai and Saltash tubular bridges, Atlantic cables, photography and stereoscopes, and a thousand other marvellous things we handle daily without being impressed by their marvellousness. Some lesser, more exceptional, flash arrests the attention, and excites the wonder more, leads to more recondite observations, and the anecdotes of the volume before us are of the nature to stimulate gently the mind.

It has been truly said that the workshop of science is everywhere around us; its materials are universally present, alike in the objects of art and the yet more abounding objects of nature; it is only because wonder ceases as novelty expires, that things in themselves awaken no interest. How universally materials in themselves wonderful as fairy stories lie around us. A pair of spectacles, which grandpapa takes up and puts upon his venerable nose, without which he could not see to read—they are a very common thing, but are surely a satisfaction and a suggestion to much youthful inquisitiveness. But it is more important to remark, that science leads, by a succession of easy steps and platforms, to a true *sacro monte*; and did men and women know what visions of things, not seen by those who are not pilgrims,

may be beheld from its slopes, many more pilgrim feet would tread along its not inaccessible, although sometimes steep, acclivities; for it is in science that we possess one of the most assured and certain means of overcoming the sceptic, who tells us that he must either handle a thing or see it before he can believe it. In fact, it is science which shows to us what a little thought prepares us to expect—a whole universe of invisible things and powers. It is science which suggests to us how things not seen may yet be known. Man is ordinarily compelled to believe in what he cannot see; he only sees effects, not causes or things. It has been very truly said, that the world of sight, in which we live, is a sort of central point or table-land, halfway between the telescope and the microscope. A very large portion of what we call the material world is invisible, composed of things not seen; heat and steam are invisible. We can feel a ray, and we can see vapour, that is, an invisible thing rendered visible by condensation from contact with cold air, but who ever saw the mighty giant at home in the boiler, the great moving power of the world, the thing which drives a vessel of three thousand tons, against wind and tide, across the Atlantic, or hammers a twenty-ton of iron into shape as easily as you would mould a pellet of bread between your fingers—that five hundred or a thousand-horse power nobody has ever beheld. The colours of the solar ray are, until made to play upon the prism, invisible; and even then there is reason to believe that colour, never detected, is yet lying among the visible and coloured rays in that space which appears to be empty, that ray without colour; and the forces of the magnet and the electric current are invisible, so that we are conducted to the goodness of “an unseen hand, whence flows all “this invisible harmony.” This visible harmony, too, the screen of the natural world, lighting up its most beautiful and created marvels in the human soul—such are some of the assurances which science has given to us. Surely views like these cannot minister to scepticism. Trees rise in huge and immense forests sometimes; but whether in a slim branch, or whether in an Arden or a Fontainebleau, the great timber-builder—for every one such magnificent temple, spire, or turret—is that carbonic acid, the invisible tenant of the air to whom they all owe their structure, and every coal-bed its existence. Or even as those long miles of tubes stretching through our cities and towns, filled, apparently, with nothing—nothing apparently perceptible to the eye, and nothing to burst into luminousness—a wondrous candle, a light to burn without a wick. Observations like these, we say, become a true *sacro monte*, a sacred hill. From a most lively and

delightful writer we extract a paragraph illustrating this life of the invisible, in invisible things.*

Before I leave this subject of colour, I may, in connection with those gases which I spoke of, mention that, [though invisible themselves, they each of them seem to give token of their presence by certain favourite hues, which by no great stretch of metaphor may be called their *liveries*. We know how pale and delicate a tint of green it is that first appears upon the trees in early spring. Why does the leaf acquire a darker and deeper green as summer advances? And why does the autumn with its decay incarnadine the plant,

Making the green one red?

The cause is very simple. The natural colour of the fibrous tissue of plants is a pale straw yellow. This you see in all plants that have been earthed up by the gardener, or grown in a dark place where the sunshine could not reach them. On exposure to the action of the sun's rays they immediately absorb carbonic acid from the air, and invisible as this gas is, *blue-black* is its livery colour, and it makes its presence and action known by uniting with the straw-coloured tissue of the plant into *green*—at first light and yellowish, but of a deeper tinge as, summer proceeding, the days lengthen and increase in duration and intensity of light, to which the absorptive power is due; but when the days begin to shorten, and light to diminish, and the cold nights chill and contract the foot-stalk of the leaf, so that it can no longer pass the descending sap from the leaf into the tree, the absorption of carbonic acid can go on no longer; and oxygen, the parent of decomposition, ever ready to pounce upon its prey, becomes absorbed instead, and though itself invisible, instantly *hoists its colours*, red and brownish yellow, staining and blotching the green leaf with its rich but melancholy hues. But if its red uniform comes like an enemy here, we owe to the same artist the crimson hue of the life-stream that flows in healthy veins; and even the ruby lips and rosy cheeks that I must not allude to, as present company, are indebted (I trust!) to no other cosmetic than the invisible gas, oxygen.

A whole world of marvels starts upon the memory at the mention of optics. Already we have several entertaining volumes fit for parlour reading. This translation from M. Marion is inferior to none; it appears to touch and present, in a popular manner, the latest results of optical science, both in the magnificent interpretations of the solar spectrum, and those strange freaks of science which have made optics to be one of the most singular

* It is with much pleasure we quote from, and refer to, Mr. Hoskyn's little volume of *Occasional Essays*. He writes so well and so suggestively! Why does he write so little?

modern playthings, in the phantasmagoria of Robertson, the speaking head trick, and the ghost illusion—indeed, from the engravings in the volume before us, the simplest mind may obtain a very clear and distinct insight of the methods pursued for giving effect to such illusions.

The "Speaking Head" trick is performed on this principle. When the curtain is drawn up, the audience perceive an apparently living head placed on a small three-legged table, the curtain at the back of the stage being quite visible through the legs. By-and-by the bodiless head, which is generally painted in a very fantastic manner, begins to speak, answers questions, and ends by singing a song. The trick is performed in the following way. The spaces between the legs are filled with a looking-glass; consequently, the spectators see the reflection of the curtains at the *sides* of the stage, which are made exactly like those at the back, thus giving the table the appearance of standing on three slim legs, with nothing between. Behind the looking-glass there is of course plenty of space for the body of the man belonging to the magical head. The exhibitor naturally takes especial care never to pass in front of the table, otherwise the lower part of his body would be reflected in mirrors.

Through all ages, no doubt, such illusions have been employed in the service of priestcraft and imposture, and still we are far from the solution of all those manifold ways in which the human eye becomes the victim of freaks of the imagination.

Towards the end of 1833, a poor washerwoman who was tormented grievously with rheumatic pains gave up her business, and took to sewing for her livelihood. Being but little accustomed to this kind of work, she was compelled to sit over her needle late at night in order to save herself from starving. The unwonted strain upon the eyes soon brought on ophthalmia, which speedily became chronic. Nevertheless, she continued her work, and fell a prey to *diplopia*, or double sight in each eye. Instead of a single needle and thread, she saw four continually at work, everything else about her being similarly multiplied. At first she took no notice of the singular illusion, but at last both imagination and sight joined arms against the judgment, and the poor creature imagined that Providence had taken pity on her forlorn condition, and had worked a miracle in her favour by bestowing on her four pair of hands in order that she might do four times her usual amount of work.

Some persons have been throughout their lives the victims of strange spectral hallucination. Dr. Dewar, of Stirling, mentioned to Dr. Abercrombie the remarkable instance of a patient he had, who was quite blind, but who never walked in the street without seeing a little old woman hobbling on before him, and

leaning on a stick ; the apparition always disappeared when he entered his house. We have the story of an old man of eighty, who was purblind, but who never sat down to a table, during the last years of his life, without seeing around him a number of his friends who had long been dead, dressed in the costume of fifty years before. This old man had but one eye, and this extremely weak, and he wore a pair of green preservers, in the glass of which he continually saw his own face reflected. We have no means of elucidating as yet these wonders. We may inquire what is the eye ? and what is light ? but the inquiry lies deeper—what is the imagination ? In the ghost-trick the spectator beholds the phantom gliding before the eye on the stage, a veritable spectre seems to move, but beneath, could he but see the apparatus and the machinery, he would behold not merely the actor below, but the light, the arrangement of the magical and luminous glasses reflecting out of the darkness the form before the eyes of the audience ; it is not in the phantom alone, nor the actor alone, the solution is to be found, but in the electric light. And so in those illusions which have sometimes haunted the spirit with their shapes of strangeness or of terror, it is in the electric light of the imagination, that inexplicable and unsolvable power working in the deep and secret camera, that the real cause is to be found. As, however far we may push our investigations, we are assuredly met at last by some dead wall, beyond which it seems impossible to advance ; so, especially in the science of optics, and in this department upon which we are touching now, the mind leaves the momentary impression of the marvellous for a deeper wonder and more outlying mystery. Perhaps to the region of optics, after all, belongs the most perplexing marvels of science, the relation of the whole *non ego*, the round of external things to the *ego* ourselves ; that sensation, the medium of truth and thought, that means of knowing things out of ourselves, the science of optics carries us no way towards this ; it furnishes us with a set of very wonderful, curious, and entertaining pictures, and here it must terminate its work. Science plays with electricity as well as with light, but it is a more fearful plaything. What a circumstance is this we meet with in M. de Fonvielle's volume :—

Sometimes lightning produces complete and instantaneous paralysis. The suppression of movement in the victim in these circumstances is so rapid that those who have witnessed it might have thought they suffered from some illusion. Who would not think he was dreaming if he saw an unfortunate creature, full of life and activity, petrified and motionless as a rock, in less time than is required to witness the phenomenon ?

Jerome Cardan relates that eight reapers, who were eating their dinner under an oak tree, were all struck by the same flash of lightning, the explosion of which was heard far away. When some people passing by approached to see what had happened, they found the reapers, to all appearance, continuing their repast.

One still held his glass in his hand, another was in the act of putting a piece of bread into his mouth, a third had his hand in the dish. Death had come upon them suddenly whilst in these positions when the thunderbolt fell.

Azrael had seized upon them with so much violence that he had impressed upon the entire surface of their bodies the mournful tint of his black wings. One might have taken them for statues sculptured out of black marble!

The catastrophe was so rapid that the faces of the victims had not had time to take any expression of pain. Life was suppressed so instantaneously that the muscles remained unmoved. The eyes and the mouths were open, as in life, and had not the colour of the skin been so much changed the illusion would have been complete.

It has been remarked also that the features of persons struck by lightning, instead of being contracted, usually assume a calm, happy expression; and the conclusion has been drawn that they enter without shock or pain into the presence of the Infinite Being. It has even been assumed that death by lightning is the prelude to eternal glory and happiness.

Many persons have doubted the reality of the terrible catastrophe related by Cardan; but a similar fact has since occurred in precisely the same circumstances. Ten reapers who had taken shelter under a hedge, were likewise killed altogether during a violent storm.

Lightning, like light, furnishes another wonderful succession of marvels. How delicate, how subtle! It performs its work sometimes with scarcely a touch. Enumerating a number of instances, the author calls upon us to modify our vulgar notions of thunder and lightning. He says it is a most extravagant idea to compare the causes of thunder and the effects of lightning to the noise and effects of cannon and cannon-ball; we are face to face with an essentially superior force. It might be said that it constitutes a transition between this world and a better one; in fact it is really subject to transcendental laws which our weak intelligence cannot grasp. This little volume is a repertory of facts, some of them of the most amusing, some of them of an abundantly terrible character. Illustrating this, he strikingly entitles one of his chapters, "How did the bird get out of the cage?" He derives the expression from Plutarch. When we see animals or men cease moving, thinking, living, suddenly, without any appreciable change in their appearance or the mechanism of their organisation, it suggests the image of a cage, the door still

closed, no damage done [to a single wire, and yet the inhabitant gone. How did it get out? The instances are numerous. Bodies have been killed repeatedly by lightning, and they have not given the slightest trace of any wound or scar, no slight touch of a burn or a contusion, no hint of the way by which the bird sprang from its confinement. Delicate and most subtile, we have said, has often been its work. Think of it melting a bracelet from a lady's wrist, yet leaving the wrist untouched; think of its melting instantly a pair of crystal goblets suddenly, without breaking them. Nay, as we said above, some of its achievements are most humorous. Arago tells how the lightning one day visited the shop of a Suabian cobbler, did not touch the artisan, but magnetised all his tools. One can well imagine the immense dismay of the poor fellow; his hammer, pinchers, and awl attracted all the needles, pins, and tacks and nails, and caused them to adhere firmly to the tools. The amazed shoemaker thought that everything in the shop was suddenly bedeviled, or else that he was dreaming. And there are several well-authenticated cases like this, showing that iron can be rendered magnetic by the electric current. We read of a merchant of Wakefield, who had placed in a corner of his room a box of knives, and forks, and iron tools, destined to be sent to the colonies; in came the lightning, struck open the box, spread all the articles on the floor, and it was found, when they were picked up, that every one had acquired new properties—they had all been affected by the subtile touch of the current. Some remained intact, others were melted, but they had all been rendered more or less magnetic, so that there was not a single nail in the box but might have served the purpose of a mariner's compass. Such anecdotes excite the sense of the marvellous; and in popular science they become windows through which the young inquirer is able to look abroad into the astonishing fields of nature. A great deal of scientific material has of course been reduced to such a matter of routine, that although there is not much scientific education, in any high sense of the word, some of the outer facts are known, and people may be prevented from making very grave mistakes. Captain Basil Hall, in his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, mentions the anecdote of a seaman who was flogged because the captain of the vessel forgot that the earth was round. It happened thus: two men-of-war, one larger than the other, were sailing in company, when the man on the look-out from the larger descried a ship on the horizon, which was not reported by the watch of the smaller vessel—the cat-o'-nine-tails was the penalty of his negligence. But the same occurrence happening shortly afterwards to a second person, the captain, or some other officer, remembered

that the taller mast could overlook a portion of the curvature of the earth which must interpose to hide distant objects from the man on the lower, and that the supposed culprit was therefore only faulty in his inability to see through the ocean. Many circumstances may arise in which something far less than the philosopher's attainments are of use in either preventing mistakes, or in indicating a more ready and expeditious path to the attainment of an object. Sir John Herschel, in his invaluable little treatise on *Natural Philosophy*, has, too, copiously illustrated this, and it must be sufficiently perceptible to the most ordinary mind to need any illustration; and such assurances are an answer to all imagined danger from the alleged idea that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." A child may know nothing of the elementary and constituent properties of flame, but it will not be a dangerous piece of knowledge if he is made aware that fire burns. A number of matters as essential to know have never been popularly taught, and many minds lie, therefore, immersed in ignorance, and at the mercy of a thousand detrimental circumstances, which might be ameliorated or removed were they only aware of certain natural relations and conditions. There is still in the country a large amount of conceited ignorance, which prides itself upon its superior wisdom. In no department, perhaps, has stolid stupidity exhibited a more finished and perfected ideal than in the kingdom of agriculture; and in no department, on the other hand, has science achieved such remarkable triumphs. We suppose no book sets these two phases of agricultural life in a more striking light than the wise and entertaining, the most witty and practical, little essay of Mr. Hoskyns.* In this small volume the ingenious and witty author reduces science to practice, and does with it, what he teaches is the chief end of farming in the machinery of the Clays. Cultivation consisting in pulverisation, the greater the cominution of the soil or the exposure of its internal superficies, the greater its power to absorb ammonia, the essence of manure, from that storehouse of fertility the atmosphere. This is the testimony of chemistry. Clay, sand, and lime make soil; the more they are intercombined the more fertile they become. Few more entertaining illustrations of science made thoroughly practical and popular are to be found than in this same *Talpa*. The chapter, "Truth at the bottom of a Marl Pit," is an illustration not only of the way in which a wise mind sets to work upon the soil, but how a witty mind may excite its conquests; while the

* *Talpa: or the Chronicles of Clay Farm.* An Agricultural Fragment. By Chandos Wren Hoskyns, Esq.

author does abundant homage to that scholarship which does not come through books, that kneading of the mind which inwardly informs and builds up. No doubt the farmer is the last person usually likely to see the blessings resulting from any scientific improvements. Probably there are not wanting those now who would give their opinion much in the language of Tennyson's Northern Farmer :—

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap, wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed fieälds wi' the devil's oän teäm.
Gin I mun doy, I mun doy, an' loife they says is sweet,
But gin I mun doy, I mun doy, for I couldn abear to see it.

But it is in farming that, while science performs some of its most extraordinary feats, it also defies and distances the farmer's impression of value, whose ordinary idea has been that the bulk of his manure—the bulk and weight—constituted its excellence ; recent attainments gave quite another colour to this impression.

Mr. Hoskyns's remarks are so simple, and so illustrate the interdependency of popular scientific discoveries and truths, that without making our paper assume too much the appearance of an agricultural essay, they may yet very well be quoted here.

Of all the practical illustrations that ever appeared contemporaneously with the announcement of a great doctrine, the introduction and use of Guano during the lifetime of Liebig is one of the happiest and most remarkable. If some great physical event had testified to men's bodily senses the motion of the Earth round the Sun, and the steady centricity of that luminary, during the exact lifetime of Copernicus or Galileo ; or if some conceivable reflection of the earth's surface in the deep azure of heaven, had exhibited to men's wondering eyes the outline of the great American continent looming along its obverse hemisphere, just as Columbus had departed in quest of it,—they would not each have furnished a more triumphant vindication of the achievements of those master-minds, during their own existence, than that which the more fortunate Professor of Giessen has been destined to witness. No sooner had the persecuting infidelity of man (the same in every age) begun to crucify his great theory of THE NUTRITION OF PLANTS FROM THE ATMOSPHERE, than the use of Guano and of inorganic manures began to give it proof. “Burn a plant, whether it be an Oak-tree or a stalk of Clover” (for so the assertion of the great Analyst may be briefly epitomised), “and the trifling ash it leaves will show you all it ever got from the soil.” But the bulk, the *weight*, the great mass of its vegetable structure—where is that gone ?

Into the Air :

And what *seemed corporeal* hath melted
Like breath into the wind !

The weight, the bulk, the vegetable is mass, of a crop, is simply its

Carbon. COMBUSTION just undoes what GROWTH did : and nothing more. It recombines the Carbon of the plant with the Oxygen of the air, and their union is *Carbonic-acid gas*, the very substance which the leaves of a plant feed upon in the air where it is presented to them in its gaseous form, in which alone they can absorb it : they do absorb it ; and in their clever little laboratory they pick out the carbon, and return the oxygen ; just as our own lungs take up the oxygen and return the nitrogen. Multiply the two sides of an oak leaf by the number of leaves on the tree, and you will be able to form some idea of the extent of surface which the plant annually presents to the atmosphere to carry on this work of absorption.

But the Roots—what is their use then ?

Examine them through a microscope, and you will see that, as the Leaves are adapted to intercourse with AIR, so the Roots are adapted to WATER : not stagnant water ; for *the sponge roots which is always saturated*, and their myriad fibres are each furnished *at the end* with a sponge capable of rapid expansion and contraction,—suited therefore to a medium in which moisture should be ever *on the move*, downwards by gravitation, or upwards by capillary attraction. This is the true condition of the soil demanded of the *mechanical* department of husbandry. “Pulverise your soil deeply,” said Jethro Tull, who thought that plants lived upon fine particles of mould : and he said rightly, but in so far as he said only half, and thought that was ALL, he thought wrongly.

But not more wrongly than every Farmer thinks who fancies that *the bulk* of his manure is its valuable part. He rather hugs his enemy in this, as he has done in other matters. The *bulk* and *weight* of Farm-yard manure is simply the carbon which it *obtained last year from the Atmosphere* ; all of which must go through a long process of decay before it will have set free the Mineral and Ammoniacal parts, which together constitute, when dissolved by water, the suction-food of roots.

Liebig asserts, that if the roots are duly supplied with these mineral and ammoniacal substances, the rapid development of the leaves will soon obtain sufficient carbon from the air. The labours of the Dung-cart, as at present carried on, even in the most improved districts, awkward and uneconomical, exhibit, under more backward management, a system of elaborate extravagance and loss, which the least chemical acquaintance with *what we are about* would render utterly intolerable. By frequent turnings in the yard, and long exposure in the field, every opportunity for the escape of the Ammonia and every toil in the lifting, hauling, forking, and ploughing-in of the Carbon is lavishly expended. And all to little purpose. What portion the roots do take up has to be oxygenated in the leaf and decomposed again before plants will re-assimilate it : a subsidiary faculty which bountiful nature has given them, with different degrees of necessity for making use of it.

But in autumn and winter manuring it is otherwise. *Decay* is only *slow combustion* ; and when you are burying great cart-loads of carbonaceous manure in the soil before winter, you are making a hotbed

under-ground, which will raise the temperature of the soil throughout the long reign of Jack Frost, and preserve many a tender seed that would otherwise perish : and herein lies the chief and wise application of all carbonaceous or bulky manure.

We have recently had several of these lively illustrations of the literature of the farmyard, and the application of science to agriculture. *My Farm of Edge Wood*, by the author of *Reveries of a Bachelor*, is one of these. Different to the work of Mr. Hoskyns, and rather like the essay of a practical, but yet gentleman farmer, it is yet full of many illustrations of the happy union of science and practice, and takes views suggestive enough, as showing that there are many contingencies in farming which chemistry cannot cover. Carbonic acid, as we have seen, is the grand ingredient ; but give a man all the carbonic acid in the world, and he cannot make a diamond, or even a lump of charcoal, which science teaches us a diamond is in fact. Starch in potatoes, or wheat, is the same thing with the woody fibre of a tree ; but as an agricultural fact it differs as widely as a stiffened shirt-collar does from the mainmast of a ship ; and hence throughout life in general, it is not merely necessary to be acquainted with facts ; their use, place, proportion, and assimilation very materially affect their whole character, and they have to be absorbed into use, and cease to be mere things of rote or affairs of speculation, before they add very materially to real wealth. Until then they are rather amusing and surprising than informing or edifying. In the department of popular science, however, and with reference to the affairs of farming and vegetation, we have recently had some interesting contributions to popular science.

Here, in two volumes, Dr. Daubeny has collected the memoirs and essays of a scientific lifetime,* and lays down his pen, and enters his coffin, and finishes all his work here, just as he publishes these two volumes of collections. Here are discussions of questions of the profoundest interest, not only to the world of science, but to the nation at large. For instance, "On the Supposed Deterioration of the Soil of Great Britain," a very unpleasant thought, while some writers are telling us that our coal is exhausting, and we are before long to be shivering for fuel, and with nothing to burn—all our coal measures exhausted. Another class of *doctrinaires* is unfolding the pleasant thought that our soil is wearing out, so that about the same time we shall

* *Miscellanies*. Being a collection of Memoirs and Essays on Scientific and Literary Subjects, published at various times. By Charles Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. James Parker and Co.

have nothing to eat. Dr. Daubeny, in his elaborate and thoughtful essay, gives us reason to hope that things may turn out better than this. Yet minds far less entitled to form a judgment than the eminent Oxford professor will find their fears by no means dissipated; for not less wisely does man torment himself by fear for the future than refresh himself by anticipation and hope. Two volumes like Dr. Daubeny's are not for an editor to have done with in an epigrammatic or flippant notice or summary; they are books to be read by a thoughtful mind, in some lonely place, where the reader is free to let thought wander in paths of philosophy, in which every speculation gleams and trembles with the palpitations of an unadorned and unrhythmed poetry. On the "Power of Roots to Reject Poisonous Substances;" on "Ozone" and its Disengagement by the Leaves of Plants;" on the "Action of Light upon Plants, and Plants upon the Atmosphere;" on the "Final Causes of the Sexuality of Plants," and on "The Influence of the Lower Vegetable Organism;" on "The Production of Epidemic Diseases:" with such topics as these the pages of these volumes are filled. A reader who travels with the author, cannot keep himself within the limits prescribed by formal logic and merely scientific observation; he traverses kingdoms beyond the reach of experimental research; he feels that there are realms wider and more unknown than were the Western Indies, and Peru, and Mexico, before the times of Columbus, Balboa, and Pizarro. What a hint is that he gives when he says, "It has been well remarked that the accidental structure of "one plant generally presents the normal structure of some other, "and hence, by studying the monstrosities of which a plant is "susceptible, we may perhaps be enabled to infer the possibility "of its being converted into something else which has hitherto "been regarded as distinct and unrelated!" This clear observer kept his mind constantly fixed in the attitude of reverent *out*-looking, while his eyes were engaged on experimenting and *in*looking. We are met, he would say, at every step with phenomena which seem to imply something beyond, if indeed not at variance with, the forces which operate upon inert matter; and the principle, that physical and chemical laws are never suspended, could not interfere with this assurance. Discountenancing vague analogies, such as the assimilation of normal substances by a plant, and the gradual growth of a crystal by the clustering of similar molecules round an existing nucleus, we attempt to explain everything on purely materialistic principles, and so to ignore the mysteries which surround the innermost shrine of life. It is cheering to see a close observer living amidst the forms of nature, and studying them for the purpose of elucidating the

laws of existence, and their ways and modes of operation, rising above the snares which scepticism and rationalism usually weave round the path of such a mind. We cannot dismiss the volumes without a brief word of homage for a life spent in either attempting to expound the principles or to add to the spoils of science, although this word can no longer be to its author congratulation. But it may be thought that in the mention of such topics as those in the volumes of Dr. Daubeney we are passing away from the proper limits of popular science—that anecdotal and suggestive and toy-like instrumentality with which we prefaced these remarks; it is only with the skin of science, its suggestiveness, we have attempted to deal. A mind fairly influenced and impressed by so slight a measure of interest as this, will yet not be likely to pause here. It is very interesting to look through the telescope at the magnificent planet Jupiter, suspended, with his satellites around him, in the heavens; but how the mind of a young observer is startled when the astronomer by his side tells him that the eclipse of those satellites, and observations made upon other shining spangles of the sky, becomes a means for calculating and determining the longitude of the sea, or for the vessel to discover its place or its way anywhere on the wide waste of the almost infinite waters; so that, as David Hume said, “a nation could not be great in cotton-spinning which had not taken nice observations of the eclipses of the satellites of the planet Jupiter!” So the charming observation becomes related to curiosity, and curiosity again is related to the highest use. So also it is interesting, in the story of popular science, to notice the generation of great ideas, how slight a step it seems from that point where some great mind of a past age stopped short, unable further to realise itself, to that other point where the same idea realises itself, and realising, utilises immense dynamical forces—from the Marquis of Worcester, for instance, through a succession of steps, to James Watt. But here is, perhaps, all the difference between what, in technical language, is called the analytic and synthetic, the power shrewdly to take to pieces or to observe parts, and the power to group together and see how all the parts are related in one great whole; and this is perhaps all the difference between a sceptic and a believer.*

* A most interesting anecdotal paper, entitled “Popular Science,” appeared in the *Quarterly*, Vol. 84, 1849.

III.

SOME RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO SUNDAY LITERATURE.

IT has become an almost universal doctrine of belief, that to children, Sunday is the most wretched day in all the week ; this, however, might be asserted with equal force respecting many of their elders. To a large class of persons the hours of Sunday drag very monotonously along ; not feeling the necessity, as far as they are concerned, of a day of rest, and not appreciating its highest aspects as a day devoted to the service of a supreme Being, yet, from custom, for appearance' sake, and as the heads of households whose duty it is to set an example to their families, they allow no violation of the decorum considered necessary for the due observance of a Sabbath. All books which enlivened and made to pass cheerily the evenings of the week are thrust out of sight ; the children's toys are hid away, and they are made to observe a proper measure of silence ; the church is attended once or twice, the responses made loud and clear, or otherwise ; yet, with all this outward reverence for the day, its hours pass wearisomely along ; old Father Time himself appears to be resting, so long is he travelling those four-and-twenty hours, which, on other days, he glides over so rapidly. This state of things, however, does not arise from any defect in the day, but rather in the individuals, to whom it brings no positive enjoyment. In the degree in which some classes of persons do not recognise the beauties and sanctities of the Sabbath, their outward observance of it becomes more ceremonious, like some men who increase in politeness and affability in proportion as they are annoyed by anyone's dulness and stupidity. But still there is no positive reason why Sunday should be a more wearying day than any other one of the seven. Rest does not mean idleness, and Sunday may be spent as actively in fulfilling engagements, and accomplishing work, as all the other six. Sir Isaac Newton, we are told, when wearied by long and continuous abstract study, sought and found rest and refreshment in studies that required a lesser strain of the intellect ; why should not this method be adopted with equal success by very many more persons ? Active, ener-

getic men, who have been immersed in business from Monday morning till Saturday night, and who, on Sunday, are dull and listless, because they are away from their usual employment, might find occupation and pleasure by directing their energies in different channels than those through which they usually flow, so that when Sunday came, the hours would pass as quickly and agreeably as when pursuing their weekly avocations. There are numberless things to which a man can turn his thoughts, which would not only interest him, but do good to others likewise. There is plenty of work, the only want is workers; but apart from labour, which would be productive of benefit to many away from his own household, in his home a man can surely always be achieving something which will promote the comfort and happiness of its various members. From among many means of enjoyment, reading is an ever fresh and invigorating one; a good and interesting book, read aloud in the family circle, appears to add a quickening impulse to time, so rapid does its flight become. And this source of pleasure is ever at hand; we have a very wide and varied field from whence to choose, although there are many books which are tabooed for Sunday reading which would be more amusing and beneficial than some which bear what is considered the proper stamp of a book for a Sunday's perusal. However that may be, we are considerably richer in Sunday literature than we were years since; those works at which we used to shudder, and which we learnt also to hate, have been replaced by numbers in which young and old take interest and delight.

We fancy, and we fear, that Sunday afternoon usually hangs rather heavily, and its hours loiter tediously along in most families, even in Christian families, unless some method is arranged for its hours, some living work of Christian usefulness. Sunday afternoon is the time when many feel the want of a plan, and there are few works or magazines to which the father dares to trust himself as certain to keep the interest alive, and to introduce no matters out of keeping with the day. One good friend of our own, and one of the most constant and punctual on Divine service we know, so soon as the dinner-table is cleared, forms his family class, for exactly an hour, with wife and children of all ages around him; and then he has, with some enjoyment, told us how his own hour comes on, and he retires into his own room, his little sanctum, closet, or study, where, over his afternoon pipe, he regularly, sedulously, and slowly reads Spurgeon's last Sunday's sermon. This man is one occupying a very high position—principal position—over the immense transactions of a large provincial house. It has always, since the day we heard of it, struck us as about the model Sunday afternoon for paterfamilias. By the

time the pipe and sermon are at an end, the quiet, cheerful tea hour, and the tea-things are ready, and then comes the quiet walk to the evening service ; for if a man choose not to spend his personal hour in reading a sermon, perhaps it may come to the same thing if the business man feels that the world has been doing its best to make havoc with him during the week, and that some volume may recollect and revise his religious thoughts and feelings, and give to him a new and pleasant sense of clearness and assurance. We have just received a book remarkably fitted, we think, for such a perusal, the *Increase of Faith*.* It is a remarkably wise little book ; it seems to us thoroughly devotional, and what is understood as being sound in religious sentiment, but quite out of the region of commonplace ; it is thoroughly earnest, with that quiet, unexciting earnestness which best assures the reader of the clearness of the view in the writer's own mind ; and it is thoroughly practical, and deals with the subject upon which every devotional mind will desire to find its convictions deepening and heightening. It is the production of a reader and a scholar, but these attributes do not at all interfere with its easy and pleasant perusal. It is quite one of those quietly powerful little books which would admirably serve the purpose of the Sunday afternoon hour. Among the periodicals which might be cordially recommended for Sunday afternoon, we give a very distinguished place to the *Sword and the Trowel*.† The papers have often a great deal of pith and power. Mr. Spurgeon's expositions of the Psalms are very delightful, and when completed and collected into a volume will be an invaluable addition to expository literature, and the author's highest literary achievement and claim. We should like to see the little paper, "On my Back," written by Mr. Spurgeon during his illness, printed as a tract ; it would be as sweet as a violet to many a sufferer in a sick room. Indeed, his periodical is "full of sharp arrows of the mighty," its pages are full of brightness, beauty, and point.

With the laudable intention of improving, to some extent, the tone of our Sunday literature, Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have commenced publishing their *Sunday Library*, which is to consist of a series of works containing subjects of more abiding interest and permanent value than those which are usually devoted to Sunday reading, and the list of subjects and names already advertised gives us confidence in thinking that the pub-

* *The Increase of Faith*. William Blackwood and Sons.

† *The Sword and the Trowel*. A record of combat with sin and labour for the Lord. Edited by C. H. Spurgeon, 1867. Passmore and Alabaster.

lishers' promise will be amply fulfilled. Charles Kingsley, Maurice, Guizot, George MacDonald, and F. W. Farrar are some among many of the names whose works are to give vitality to the *Sunday Library*, and the three first parts of Miss Yonge's *Pupils of St. John** are the first instalments of the contemplated scheme. All readers who are acquainted with the multifarious productions of Miss Yonge's pen will recognise in the *Pupils of St. John* the same ease and facility of expression, combined with what is vigorous in style, and thoughtful in delineation of character, and picturesque in incident, which characterise her works; added to which is an evidence of the wide range of Miss Yonge's reading and research among old-world characters and histories. The scene between the aged Apostle John and the wild robber, in one of the ravines of Asia Minor, is very vividly drawn; and so, likewise, is the story of the martyrdom of "Ignatius, the child-like saint;" and if, in its continuation, the *Sunday Library* proves equally as attractive as the *Pupils of St. John*, we have no hesitation in saying the idea of the publication will be fully realised.

A large section of our Sunday literature consists in religious biographies, possessing features of greater or lesser merit and interest, according to the worthiness of the subject and the skill of the biographer. Unfortunately we possess few biographies written like Dean Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold*, and, let us add, there are few lives so worthy of being recorded as that of Dr. Arnold's. To write a good memoir requires a "*many-sided*" biographer. Authors are too prone to view their subjects from one point only, and instead of presenting us with a complete man, we have only a phase of his character revealed. When Archdeacon Hare published his memoir of John Sterling, the verdict passed upon it was that it was a priest robed in priestly vestments, but when Thomas Carlyle wrote his *Life of John Sterling*, readers said, "Ah, here we have the man!" However, literature possesses only one Thomas Carlyle, nor, it must be said, are there many John Sterling's. Among religious biographies recently issued from the press, is Mr. Fraser's *Memoir of David Stow*.† The work will be welcomed with pleasure by many with whom the name of David Stow has become familiar; yet, after carefully reading Mr. Fraser's book, we cannot but think that so thoroughly a Christian and philanthropic a man deserved a much superior

* *The Pupils of St. John the Divine*. By the Author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. Parts I., II., and III. Macmillan and Co.

† *Memoir of the Life of David Stow*. Founder of the Training System of Education. By the Rev. William Fraser. James Nisbet and Co.

biography to the one now before us. Mr. Fraser would have done more justice to the subject of his memoir and his own reputation as an author had he adopted a style of biographical narrative, and not that of a spoken discourse. The work savours more of the pulpit than it does of the study, added to which, Mr. Fraser has chosen to divide the memoir into two sections; in the first giving us an account of Mr. Stow's labours in his endeavour to educate the poor; and, in the second, the history of his domestic and inner life. This we cannot but consider an error; the biography would have read much better, and have proved more interesting had the two aspects of Mr. Stow's life been blended together so as to make a complete whole. By this the character of the work as a literary performance, and the power of the book as the record of an earnest man's life, would have been considerably heightened. David Stow was born at Paisley, a place famous from having been the birthplace of Christopher North and his brother James Wilson, of Woodville. Blessed with pious parents, David Stow was, as it were, thoroughly Christianised in his early years, and the religious principles then implanted in his nature, struck deep down and were never to be uprooted. When in Glasgow, and while still a young man, in passing to and fro to his business and his home, he every day had to traverse some portions of the "Saltmarket, the St. Giles of Glasgow," and was "shocked by shameless profanity, indecency, and filth; "and the question perpetually recurred with growing urgency, "Can nothing be done to stem this deepening torrent of degradation and vice?" This was the keynote of Mr. Stow's life, the one object he marked out as his life's labour; and through shadow and sunshine, disappointment and success, he resolutely and steadily strove to accomplish his purpose. Aided by the sympathy and with the sanction of Dr. Chalmers, Mr. Stow established a Sunday-school in one of the worst parts of the Glasgow St. Giles, but finding that the little impression made on the minds of the scholars during the few hours of Sunday instruction was all swept away during the other six days, he started a week evening school, similar to our London ragged schools. From these small beginnings, and in the face of much opposition, he gradually broadened his plans of education till they eventually culminated in the foundation of the training system with which his name has been indissolubly connected; and in advocating his system of education, Mr. Stow used his pen in composing a series of lively dialogues, the main purpose of which was to show the superiority of his system of education over that of the old. The biography is worthy of a thoughtful perusal by all who take any interest in alleviating the condition of the poor, and by all who feel any

sympathy in becoming acquainted with the details of a life of Christian endeavour and earnestness. Bad biographies are out of all proportion in number to the good ones, yet biography is one of the most entertaining and instructive, and therefore universal, methods of interesting even ordinary readers. The sermonic style of the life of Mr. Stow, reminds us of the still more feebly executed life of the excellent publisher, James Nisbet, who certainly deserved a good biography.* This was a life, the dear and beautiful and lamented master of such composition, James Hamilton, Mr. Nisbet's pastor, would have executed well; and Mr. Wallace has manifested in other productions much more power than in this. We have no hesitation in recommending it for the Sunday-school library. Yet nearly a third of the volume is taken up by quotations from poetry; indeed the thirty-nine chapters are all very brief, and Mr. Wallace's style is to begin and end each chapter by a poem, selected at random from the archives of sacred literature, as a method of preparing a biography. There is a remarkable freshness and *naïvete* about this plan; it has two advantages, also—it saves trouble and swells the volume; it is open to the slight exception that it does not impart much information about the subject of the memoir. *Christian Life in the Camp*† is one of those memoirs which receive an honoured place on the book shelves of the friends of the deceased, and is a worthier and more enduring tribute of affection than a tomb in a churchyard or a marble slab in a church. Such biographies as this of Mr. Macbeth gives us warrant in thinking that there are very many Christian officers and soldiers in our army, or, Mr. Macbeth was particularly fortunate, to whatever place his duties called him, whether on land or sea, in finding select circles of Christian officers. We cannot but think that the authoress of the volume is somewhat inclined to look at the world with jaundiced eyes, or her conception of sin is more than usually comprehensive, otherwise harmless traits in a man's character would not be set down as mortal sins; a slight fastidiousness in dress, and once riding a few miles to be present at a ball, are not, in themselves, of so deadly a nature as to be classed among those heinous offences which, in their after action upon the soul, fill it with remorse. Yet in such a light does the authoress view a similar trait in Mr. Macbeth's character and such an episode in his life.

* *Lessons from the Life of the late James Nisbet, Publisher, London.* A Study for Young Men. Rev. A. J. Wallace. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

† *Christian Life in the Camp: a Memoir of Alexander Mackay Macbeth, Surgeon in the 105th Regiment of Light Infantry.* James Nisbet and Co.

From time immemorial, sermons have been considered as legitimate Sunday reading; but those old, bulky, solemn-looking tomes of discourses, with which we were so familiar in our childhood, and which were always brought out on Sunday afternoons and evenings, and which, somehow or other, invariably opened in one particular place, have now given place to neat and tastefully got up little volumes, and written by popular divines, and sometimes too by famous novelists; and as the outsides of the volumes have changed in beauty of appearance, so likewise their contents have become more pleasant. Certainly our modern sermons are not such masterpieces of logical or rhetorical writing as some of the works by the old divines, consequently there does not require that fixed and concentrated attention to read a modern discourse as it did to be able to understand more ancient ones. This, however, is not considered a defect with most sermon readers. With many, the pleasure derived from a sermon consists not in its logical consistency, but in its being desultory and colloquial, as a literary performance, meandering to the right and left of its subject, embracing a variety of topics, not necessarily strengthening the argument, or adding to its coherence as a whole, but as being pleasant things upon which to read a cheerful comment. Mr. Dale's *Week-day Sermons** partake of this character we have just given. A very chatty and cheerful volume, full of the results of observation and thought, and full likewise of practical suggestion and wisdom, and all rendered into strong homely English, and at times opening out into passages of real eloquence. The volume contains several sermons, which for their fulness of precept for the practical regulation of our conduct towards others, and the maintenance and control of our own passions, are worthy of many perusals. Mr. Dale's second sermon, *The Kindly Treatment of other Men's Imperfections*, forcibly reminds us of Mr. Helps's essay on our judgments of other men; both are replete with thought, observation, and wise counsel. Mr. Dale says, "It does not follow that because
 "a man has some grave faults, therefore he has not great virtues.
 "Even in the most highly cultivated countries, there are tracts of
 "land which have never been brought under the plough. It is
 "just so with the characters of some men—perhaps of most men;
 "there are patches of waste ground lying here and there, utterly
 "useless, offensive to the eye, and covered, not with wholesome
 "corn, but with briars and nettles and weeds of poisonous
 "quality. And there may be real and most resolute righteous-

* *Week-day Sermons.* By R. W. Dale, M.A. Alexander Strahan and Co.

“ness in men who are most ungracious in their manner and speech; just as there is sturdy vigour in a tree which is so crooked and perverse in its growth as to be quite destitute of grace and nobleness; an unhappy twist which it received when young, a certain hardness in the soil, or constant exposure to the stress of an unkindly wind, has fatally injured the beauty of its form, though it has fought a brave and successful fight for life. Then there are people whose moral character is neither lovely nor seriously defective, but whose innocent ‘infirmities’ are most vexatious and annoying.” Viewing thus charitably the imperfections of men, Mr. Dale goes on to point out how we ought to use forbearance toward all; and he further says:—“If sorrow and misfortune have strangely altered those who were charming and bright in other years, the imperfections, which you cannot help recognising, should not repel your kindness or provoke impatience. Delicacy and refinement of character are hard to keep in sordid circumstances. Poverty, if it continues long, will often embitter the sweetest temper, and make the most generous cynical. We must not expect all who suffer to become saints; we must think of the weakness of human nature; we must not be surprised that imperfections of character are revealed by fiery trials, of which nothing was known or suspected before, and we must not forget how much which is good and lovely is still left.” And this same charitable forbearance and thoughtfulness, pervades and characterises all the sermons the volume contains. Especially worthy of pondering are those entitled “Talebearing,” “Unwholesome Words,” “Anger,” and “Amusements.” It may be remarked, that although these are called *Week-day Sermons*, they are so infused with the broad and cheerful spirit of Christianity, that they far surpass in practical value more pretentious and doctrinal ones; and as we close Mr. Dale’s volume, we seem to hear the injunction of the great apostle, “Above all things, put on *charity*.” Quite a different book to Mr. Dale’s is Mr. Guest’s four addresses to young men.* These are earnest and solemn appeals to young men *setting out in life*, warning them of the evils and temptations, and snares and sins that are waiting ready to lure them to destruction. Mr. Guest views life as too solemn a thing for any portion of it to be wasted, and considers after success and usefulness in life dependent upon the young man starting aright; he

* *The Young Man Setting out in Life*. By William Guest, F.G.S. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

has no faith in the doctrine of "sowing wild oats," and would not dare to

Preach it as a truth
To those who eddy round and round.

The volume should be studied by young men, who are too thoughtful and earnest to look upon life as devoid of responsibility, or to be spent in crowding into it as much pleasure as possible ; but who, on the contrary, feel the obligations it presses upon them, in relation to their fellow-men, and in relation to their God. Something like Mr. Guest's idea is a book which deserves very kind commendation,—an admirable book for the numerous class who, pursuing knowledge under difficulties, need the stimulus of successful men, or the animation of strong concentrated proverb-like words.* Mr. Johnson's *Living to Purpose* has much in it likely to be very useful ; it is strictly a didactic book, but noble names, of which it is good to think, and which it does a man good to pronounce, are strewn through its pages. It is a volume full of life and judiciousness, and apparently considerable reading has dropped its results into this very elegant and useful volume. *Revelation by Look* † contains some very thoughtful reading. The volume having this title is small ; but included in its hundred pages is a very appreciative essay on the life of Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, and also a review of "The Mystery of Pain : a Book for the Sorrowful." Both the life of Mr. Robertson and "The Mystery of Pain," appear to have spoken words of deep import and counsel to the author of this little work ; a quiet thoughtfulness is its chief characteristic. *Light at Evening Time* ‡ is a book that will prove a source of encouragement to many who labour among the poor. The instances it contains of earnest effort successfully crowned, will give fresh impulse to those who may feel despondent, as they think that all their best endeavours have proved fruitless, and that no one heart or life has responded to their repeated solicitation. The seed may spring into existence after the hand which sowed it sows no more. "One sows and another reaps." And this lesson such works as *Light at Evening Time* teaches. Many of the short narratives this volume contains, will be read with interest. "Maggie's Flowers," "Wee Sandie," "Agnes,"

* *Living to Purpose ; or, Making the Best of Life.* By Joseph Johnston. T. Nelson and Sons.

† *Revelation by Look, and other Essays.* By the Author of *What my Thoughts are.* Jarrold and Son.

‡ *Light at Evening Time ; or, Narratives of Missionary Labour amongst the Sick.* T. Nelson and Sons.

"Willie," and others, will prove a source of help to many labourers who are wearied with hoping. Indeed, "Maggie's Flowers" reminds us of a pleasing incident of which we ourselves were once a witness. Passing, one hot summer's day, down one of the very poor streets of our mighty London, we saw, lying at an open parlour window, a poor, thin, and sickly-looking girl about fourteen years of age. At the same time our attention was attracted by a young, healthful, and blooming school-girl, carrying a beautiful moss-rose in her hand. As she passed the sick girl, a very wistful expression came into the poor thin face of the invalid as her eye was caught by the beauty of the flower, and the involuntary murmur escaped her lips, "Oh, what a beautiful rose." The school-girl heard the words, and saw the eager face, and hesitated; but at length, overcoming her apparent reluctance, she went up to the sick girl and inquired, "Would you like it?" "Oh, I should, if you can spare it," was the response. "Yes, here it is, take it, please," and placing the rose in the outstretched hand, she ran speedily on her way, leaving the poor girl delighted with her treasure; and for days after we saw the same rose, placed in an old bottle, and standing on the window-sill, where the invalid could feast her eyes upon its beauty.

We are very glad to welcome a new and cheaper edition of Miss Greenwell's very thoughtful book the, *Two Friends*.* Many to whom it is new will be able to pass very pleasantly a few Sunday hours in perusing its pages, and those to whom the work is familiar will renew the pleasure they experienced when it was first given to the public. A new edition is also published of Mr. Wilson's *Brands Plucked from the Burning*,* a record of the success attending the establishment of ragged schools.

Fiction adapted for Sunday reading is by no means to be despised, and many skilful authors have availed themselves of this vehicle for the conveyance of religious instruction both in fictitious narrative of our own days, and in historical tales, but, perhaps no author has adopted this method of composition with so much success as the authoress of *Both Sides of the Sea*.† This volume, however, will not add much to the author's reputation as a writer; it does not equal her *Schönberg-Cotta Family*, but it is not deficient in interest. The narrative extends over many

* *Two Friends*. By Dora Greenwell. Alexander Strahan.

† *Brands Plucked from the Burning*. By the Rev. J. H. Wilson. S. W. Partridge.

‡ *On Both sides of the Sea: a Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration*. By the Author of *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*. T. Nelson and Sons.

years, dating from the death of Charles I. till after the Restoration. It reads like a tale told by the fireside in the gloaming, so subdued and soft is its tone. It comprises the "Recollections of Olive," wife of a Puritan soldier, and extracts from "Lettice's Diary," the daughter of a Royalist, who during the Commonwealth lived in France. "Olive's Recollections" contain portraits of many of the men whose names have been familiar to all lovers of literature. Thus we have a picture of Dr. Owen as he preached before the members of Parliament. "He came of an ancient Welsh ancestry; his bearing had a courtly grace; his tall and stately figure had the ease and vigour of one used to manly exercises; his voice was well tuned, as the tones of one who loved music as he did should be; his eyes were dark and keen." So, also, we have Mr. Richard Baxter. "I saw a grave man habited like a minister, with a broad collar and close fitting cap on his head, sitting at a table with an open Bible before him. By his side stood a little serving maiden, whom, at that moment, he was questioning in simple language, in a calm, persuasive voice, and with a remarkably clear utterance, while she answered without fear. His form was slight, and his gait slightly stooping; his face worn and grave, yet not unfrequently 'tending to a smile,' and always lighted up by his dark, keen, observant eyes. Altogether the face made me think of portraits of saintly monks, worn with fasting and prayer, save that the eyes were quick and piercing rather than contemplative." And in like manner we have the portraits of many more Puritan worthies. The volume will be welcomed in many families to whom the authoress's previous works are familiar. A companion volume, and published in the same series, as *Both Sides of the Sea*, although not by the same authoress, is *Helena's Household*.* This is a tale of Rome in the first century of the Christian era and during the reign of Nero. It is well and ably written, and cannot fail in giving satisfaction to many readers, who will find in its pages and among its stirring scenes much to amuse and instruct. The fights in the amphitheatre, the burning of Rome, the death of Nero, and the fall of Jerusalem are all vividly pictured. The interest of the story is sustained throughout, and the characters of the Roman, the Jew, and the Briton are strongly drawn.

Children come in for a large share of Sunday literature, many really excellent works are being continually issued for their sole behoof in instruction and amusement. Among the most recent is

* *Helena's Household: a Tale of Rome in the First Century.* T. Nelson and Sons.

the *Life of Jesus*,* now in the course of publication in monthly parts, and if the remainder of the parts equal in ability and skill the first three already issued, by the end of the year a very handsome volume will be added to the literature for young people. The author's method of treating the narrative of the life of Jesus is original, as far as this country is concerned; no other writer has treated it in a similar manner. As the story proceeds, there are really well executed engravings, illustrating the natural history and the scenery of Palestine, the customs and manners of the Jews, and also the scenes in our Saviour's life. This plan adds much to the lucidness of the narrative, and will convey to the minds of the young a clearer conception of the various incidents in the marvellous career of our Lord. We feel assured the monthly instalments will be eagerly anticipated and welcomed by numbers of young people to whom the work is dedicated, and the author gain an additional claim upon the gratitude of the young to that he already has by being the editor of *Kind Words*. We cannot conclude our brief notice of this really excellent work without endorsing the author's own words, when he says, that not only to the young, but "to parents it will be most valuable for Sabbath reading with their children, whilst Sunday-school teachers will find in it much that is helpful and useful." Such books as *Bible Sketches*† are so far of value, that they simplify the stories of the Old Testament for little folk; thus they become early familiarised with Bible narrative and truth, and those children who have read Mr. Green's first volume will be ready to receive this now before us, and welcome it as a source from whence they are to receive pleasure. *Tom Tracy*,‡ is one of those tales familiar to most young readers, in which the hero fights manfully against his besetting fault, and who, from adverse circumstances, remains for a time under a cloud, which cloud, however, eventually disperses, and the sunshine of victory and hope follow, and he remains the conqueror. This story of *Tom Tracy* is a good one of its kind, and we doubt not will speedily find its way to the book shelves of many Sunday-school libraries. From the same publishers, who are quite remarkable for the beauty and elegance of their publications, we have *The Giant Killer*.§ This

* *The Life of Jesus*. For Young People. By the Editor of *Kind Words*. Henry Hall, 56, Old Bailey.

† *Bible Sketches and their Teachings*. For Young People. Second Series. By Samuel Green, B.A. Religious Tract Society.

‡ *Tom Tracy*; or, *Whose is the Victory*. T. Nelson and Sons.

§ *The Giant Killer*; or, *the Battle which all must Fight*. By A. L. O. E. T. Nelson and Sons.

work is copiously illustrated, and seems to be one of the most successful of a very favourite author for the young. The writer has a capital text; for the giant killer goes forth to kill such giants as sloth, selfishness, untruth, hate, and pride; and our readers can very well understand how, from a pen able to wield the words of allegory, such adventures may become very attractive and instructive. It is a very pretty volume to read aloud in a child's circle, and will sustain the reputation of the author in writing and the publishers in getting up.

Thus various are the books with which we may, in no faithless spirit, at once rest, and entertain, and recreate mind, heart, and body during the hours which sometimes on Sabbath-days seem, simply because unoccupied, to be especially wearisome; and we think, as our eyes have run over the variety of books before us, we must have suggested some suitable to most needs and tastes. Needs differ; how various, for instance, are those, and how widely various, the ministrations of Guevara and Dr. Guthrie? *Studies of Character** is exactly the book for the family during the Sabbath afternoon. Bold, strong lines and features are brought out in all the well known clearness and with all the variety of easy illustration; the thought never taxed, devotion not sounded to its nervous depths and tensions, yet good, earnest, practical, the words sonorous and resonant, just marking the difference between the pictorial and electrical, the pleasantly seen and the profoundly felt. But the *Mysteries of Mount Calvary*† the reader will take to some lonely place and read it in some solitary hour. It seems to us one of those precious, priceless legacies handed down from the devotion of the Romish Church, like the spiritual combat of Laurence Scupoli. Guevara wrote much; he was a Franciscan, a Spanish bishop, and chronicler and courtier to Charles V. This little volume is tender, with the richest tenderness of a living faith in the cross; it brims over like a sacramental cup, full of the legacy of life, and death, and love. How is it that the Church seems to have lost the power to write such things?

* *Studies of Character from the Old Testament*. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Strahan & Co.

† *The Mysteries of Mount Calvary*; translated from the Latin of Antonio de Guevara. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. Rivingtons.

IV.

MR. DARWIN'S RECENT INDUCTIONS.*

MR. DARWIN'S just published bulky work neither advances him nor the students of his theory one step towards the realisation of his cherished dream concerning the Origin of Species. When he published his work bearing that title, it was given as an abstract of a larger work, for which we were told we must wait two or three years. We have waited with some degree of impatience, while grieved to hear of the continued ill-health of the distinguished naturalist, but we, who have "waited long, are waiting still;" this is not the work, it is only an instalment, and the question, it seems, is yet to be fully discussed in future volumes. We hope we are incapable of speaking with disrespect of an eminent and accomplished man, whose calm, chaste style of narration and composition, and graceful treatment of antagonists, may well be a model to some of us who profess to be more religiously disposed. Still we cannot refrain from saying that Mr. Darwin seems to us like a man who has dreamed a dream, which, upon waking, he spends years in attempting to prove to be true. We receive, with great deference and respect, all the facts and observations his observant and richly-furnished mind is able to impart to us, but we are unable to find a single fact bearing upon the origin of species, for it is plain that the *Variation under Domestication* is one thing, and the *Origin* is quite another. If Sir Isaac Newton appeared to us, and asserted the earth to be square, the reverence even for that illustrious person would not prevent us, we fear, from saying, "But, Sir Isaac, what are the facts, and where are the facts?" And even so we have still to say to Mr. Darwin, with reference to his dream of the ori-

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- * 1. *The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., &c. In two volumes, with illustrations. John Murray.
 - 2. *The Darwinian Theory of the Transmutation of Species examined*. By a Graduate of the University of Cambridge. James Nisbet.
 - 3. *The Three Barriers: Notes on Mr Darwin's "Origin of Species."* Blackwood and Sons.

gin of species, Where and what are the facts? The reader will find a great deal of interesting information in these volumes, though we, who are not pigeon-fanciers, begin to be almost tired of these pigeons; they occupy a large space, and prove nothing to the argument. The fact remains where it was at the beginning—man can modify many orders of creatures in themselves, but he cannot make one creature into another creature, he cannot force any being across certain fixed barriers of being; far less are there any proofs of Mr. Darwin's famous and favourite theory of the polar bear becoming the whale, and still less have we any, even the remotest, hints of evidence, as to how the spore of a sea-weed might become, even in the course of ages, transformed into a man. One might almost suppose that Mr. Darwin was impelled to these most curious dreams by the pride of ancestry, and the desire to retain upon his literary escutcheon the right to the literary crest of his celebrated grandfather. Seldom has a grandson been more faithful to his literary lineage; and Charles Darwin seems to have spent a large portion of his life in an attempt to illustrate, by scientific observation, what Erasmus Darwin, better than half a century since, illustrated in rich, imaginative, and sonorous, but, we suppose, in not very readable poetry. If Mr. Darwin, after the fashion of certain writers, desired to find couplets or verses to place at the head of his scientific chapters, he might find a verse for every thesis, and sanctify every wildest dream by some of the flowing metres of his grandfather; we almost think filial reverence ought to move him to do this. The universal warfare of nature, the assertion that through all her domains "nature weeds out the weak," the painful impression upon the intelligence, of the incalculable periods of time—three hundred millions of years, we believe, for the doing of all Mr. Darwin says has been done. The mysterious potentiality of nature, by which everything seems to be in everything else, these were the inspiring thoughts which rolled forth in the words of the poet. Time and warfare, the two great factors of our whole universe, the everlasting self-involving, self-disintegrating powers, these sum up the forces by which things are; before such powers as these we are able to dispense with the will of a creator, or the epochs which we understand and speak of as creation. It may not be uninteresting to some of our readers to notice these points of analogy in the earlier and later writer. A very fair representation of the infinity of Darwinism may be seen in such lines as the following :—

So late descried by Herschel's piercing sight,
Hang the bright squadrons of the twinkling night;

Ten thousand marshall'd stars, a silver zone,
 Effuse their blended lustres round her throne;
 Suns call to suns, in lucid clouds conspire,
 And light exterior skies with golden fire;
 Resistless rolls the illimitable sphere,
 And one great circle forms the unmeasur'd year.
 Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,
 Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time!
 Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
 And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.
 Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yield,
 Frail as yon silken sisters of the field!
 Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
 Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
 Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
 And death and night and chaos mingle all!
 Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
 Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same.

So Mr. Darwin's "Struggle for Life" meets us in such verses as the following—the universal warfare of all creatures throughout nature :—

The wolf, escorted by his milk-drawn dam,
 Unknown to mercy, tears the guileless lamb;
 The towering eagle, darting from above,
 Unfeeling rends the inoffensive dove;
 The lamb and dove on living nature feed,
 Crop the young herb, or crush the embryo seed.
 Nor spares the loud owl in her dusky flight,
 Smit with sweet notes, the minstrel of the night;
 Nor spares, enamour'd of his radiant form,
 The hungry nightingale the glowing worm,
 Who with bright lamp alarms the midnight hour,
 Climbs the green stem, and slays the sleeping flower.

Or to take two other brief illustrative passages :—

Air, earth, and ocean to astonished day,
 One scene of blood, one mighty tomb display!
 From hunger's arm the shafts of death are hurl'd,
 And one great slaughter-house the warring world!

While nature sinks in Time's destructive storms,
 The wrecks of death are but a change of forms;
 Emerging matter from the grave returns,
 Feels new desires, with new sensations burns.

So much for the ancestor of the naturalist, his curious dreams, and rarely referred-to volumes; they express in rhyme what his descendant seeks to express in far better and more patiently elaborated prose. The dreariness of the outlook may create a preju-

dice against the theory; it is most likely in most minds to do so, for man has a longing after immortality, and is not content that his identity should be lost and swallowed up as an iguanodon is lost in the alligator of a later age, or a mastodon in a mammoth. With every disposition to be truth-loving and honest in the inquiry, we think men may be forgiven if they refuse to accept the theory without a very distinct endorsement of facts, and Mr. Darwin does not leave it to be conjectured what are his ideas. With reference to the preception of his views, he says, indeed, his system will introduce an entirely new era of psychology. "In the distant future I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be based on a new foundation—that of the necessary requirements of each mental power and capacity; by gradation, light will be thrown on the origin of man and his history." We are very glad, therefore, that almost simultaneously with the appearance of the two new volumes from his pen, in which he retracts nothing from his previous volume, but refers us to it for a more ample statement of his doctrine, we have the complete, vigorous, thoroughly searching, and we think overwhelming, confutation of his doctrines in the work of the Graduate of the university of Cambridge. Mr. Darwin well says that the consequences of his theory look towards an entirely reconstructed psychology—we may say also towards an entire reconstruction of theology. In some matters he seems, indeed, to contradict himself; for while he tells us that "one Hand has surely worked throughout the universe," he yet argues, throughout, apparently, that natural selection is the hand, the very Deity from whose plastic touch has emanated all the marvellous fitnesses we behold in the scheme of things; no selection, in the ordinary usage of that word, has ever presided over the mould of any creature. Some of Mr. Darwin's continental admirers, especially Dr. Karl Vogt—that most abusive atheist—define their impression of his place in theology very distinctly. Vogt says, "There can be no doubt that Mr. Darwin's theory ignores a personal creator, and his direct interference in the transformation and creation of species. There being no sphere of action for such a being giving first starting-point, the first organism, all existing organisms, are subsequently, by natural selection, developed from it in a continuous manner through all geological periods by the simple laws of transmission." Vogt expounds the doctrines of natural selection in a most astonishing manner. We have already characterised his lectures on man some time since; it is enough to remark here that he boldly says, referring to the theological aspects of the theory, "We have no other fear than that of seeing our human dignity violated, a dignity we

"value the more since it has been conquered with the greatest labours by us and by our ancestors, down to the ape." And he then goes on, at great length, to glorify the skeleton of the ape, and shows how entirely it is in our own, and how human the delightful creature is. Again, we say, these are not pleasant things; we only refer to them here for the purpose of noting how the doctrine drifts, and who they are who receive it; we admit at once that this is apart from its truth or falsehood. First of all, however, the reader has to believe, by what Mr. Darwin thinks are clear processes of induction, that all the beings of our world are without a mind. God is only the "God of sea-weeds." Infinite ages since, He created the spore of a sea-weed; since then He has never troubled himself or the world with any interference; the functions of natural selection have done all. If the reader refers to the *Origin of Species*, or if he would have a very able and ample analysis of the argument fairly and honestly stated, he may refer to the chapter on the "Functions of Natural Selection in the Darwinian Theory examined;" it is all natural selection. This is the deity; and very remarkably Mr. Darwin seems to maintain the doctrine of the universality of this deity, because he sees so complete and exquisite a fitness in what we should call certain adaptations, that he can only regard them as emanating from such a result; they are so admirable in their harmony that no design could produce them. The argument seems to be, that perfect ignorance and perfect helplessness produce the wisest, the most complete, and most wonderful objects in nature; give inability, ignorance, and nothingness time enough, and they will be able to accomplish anything. This is wisdom, to believe in universally prevalent mind; God extending through all extent is an old-world folly and fable; to believe in the principle of natural selection, herein is wisdom. This is philosophy, as Dr. Johnson says, "weary of the old-fashioned practice of milking the cow, they have taken to the bull." In order to make a perfect and beautiful machine, it is not necessary to know how to make it, design is denied; and yet in the description of the composition of the skeleton, the proper mixture of cartilage, of compact with cancellated tissue, of rounded with angular forms, of uniformly contiguous segments with numerous elevations, depressions, enlargements, and processes—all this results in making the pieces of the skeleton hard levers, bases of support, and protective textures, such as the artifice of man could never imitate; and yet in all this absolute ignorance, absolute blind unconsciousness everywhere, the whole complex fabric of nature, with all these wonderful relations, is given over to the operation of laws which never had the imprint of the finger of God upon them, but which have been taking their own way from the moment of the creation

of the sea-weed until now. If nature is assuredly a great and inexplicable mystery, is the veil of the mystery lifted or its darkness lightened by such a theory as this?

We have often remarked that, as Mr. Darwin pursues his way, he cannot fail to give to us a rare delight by glimpses into many departments of natural history. It is this, indeed, which has perhaps given to his peculiar theories so extensive a fame, the association of the theory with observations of such unquestioned interest. His account of the great slave-making ants, is one of these remarkably curious illustrations. In England, we believe, he was the first who published any account of these singular tribes; nor does natural history furnish us with any instances much more singular, even in insect life, which is the marvellous pantechicon of nature. The slave-making ant is dependent altogether on its slaves. Without their aid the species would certainly become extinct in a single year; they are incapable of making their own nest, or of feeding their own larvæ. When the old nest is found inconvenient, and they have to migrate, it is the slaves which determine the migration, and actually carry their masters in their jaws. So utterly helpless are the masters, that when Huber shut up thirty of them without a slave, but with plenty of the food which they liked best, and with their larvæ and pupæ to stimulate them to work, they did nothing, they could not even feed themselves, and many even perished with hunger. Huber then introduced a single slave, and she instantly set to work, fed and saved the survivors, made some cells, tended the larvæ, and put all to rights. Through several pages the writer carries forward his singular observations and descriptions. The slaves too are generally black, and not above half the size of their red masters. Mr. Darwin seems to have observed many communities with large stocks of slaves, has observed some on the march to a distance of twenty-five yards; while Huber noticed how, in Switzerland, the slaves habitually worked with the masters in making the nest, and they alone open and close the doors in the morning and evening. There is a difference, it seems, between these singular creatures in Switzerland and England. Slaves, it seems, are captured more readily in Switzerland than in our anti-slavery regions. This is one of those instances rather frightful to contemplate; this marvellous instinct for rearing slaves, how came this about? Well has it been said, these tribes look like communities of degenerate men, and suggest the idea of a fearful potentiality, even among some of the most insignificant things in nature. The bee is another marvel, with its mysterious, but perfect cell. As we contemplate these things, we quite enter into the sentiment, well expressed by

Mr. Darwin, when he says, it deserves a special notice, that the more important objections relate to questions in which we are confessedly ignorant, nor do we know how ignorant we are; but we find him saying too, "We shall probably never disentangle the inextricable web of affinities; but when we have a distinct object in view, and do not look to some unknown plan of creation, we may hope to make slow but sure progress." These passages do not seem to harmonise very well together, but the last does imply that a belief in the plan of creation has hitherto been the chief hindrance to the advance of science. Planless then, altogether unrelated to intention, arrangement, or design, how have things come to be? Some conception may be formed, from Mr. Darwin's idea of the structure of the cell, of the architecture of the hive of the bee. Dr. Reid, we know, has said, "When a bee makes its nest geometrically, the geometry is not in the bee, but in that Great Geometrician who made all things, in number, weight, and measure." Mr. Darwin speaks of the comb of the hive-bee almost with enthusiasm:—"Beyond this stage of perfection in architecture natural selection could not lead; for the comb of the hive-bee, as far as we can see, is absolutely perfect in economising wax." So our writer industriously sets to work to get rid of the difficulty. Mr. Darwin's account of the way in which he conceives the bee at last to have arrived at its marvellous geometric architecture is quite an illustration of the manner in which, according to his theory, natural selection does the work of God. The honey-bee he believes to be the Mexican *Mellipona*, developed by natural selection. Here is the passage which, perhaps, with its succession of hypotheses and suppositions, may have struck our readers before:—

Hence we may safely conclude, if we could SLIGHTLY MODIFY THE INSTINCTS already possessed by the *Mellipona*, and in themselves not very wonderful, the bees would make a structure as wonderfully perfect as that of the hive-bee. We must suppose the *Mellipona* to make her cells truly spherical, and of equal sizes (two assumptions), and this would not be very surprising, seeing that she does so already to a certain extent, and seeing what perfectly cylindrical burrows in wood many insects can make, apparently by turning round on a fixed point. We must suppose the *Mellipona* to arrange her cells in level layers (another assumption), as she already does her cylindrical cells; and we must further suppose (fourth assumption) that she CAN SOMEHOW ACCURATELY JUDGE at what distance to stand from her fellow-labourers when several are making their spheres,—we have further to suppose (fifth assumption)—but this is no difficulty—that after hexagonal prisms have been formed by the intersection of adjoining spheres in the same layer,

she can prolong the hexagon to any length requisite to hold the stock of honey. By *such modifications of instinct*, in themselves not very wonderful, hardly more wonderful than those which guide a bird to make its nest, I believe that the hive-bee has acquired, through Natural Selection, her inimitable architectural powers.

Thus widely different is the measure of admiration we bestow upon the naturalist and the philosopher. We wish not to speak disrespectfully; yet innumerable items, like that which we have quoted, strike us as ludicrous, when conceived as parts of an animal, without any intervention or arrangement which can be called presiding mind. "So the tail of a horse may have been antecedently the caudal instrument of a shark; a cow may have derived her tail from the skate, and the giraffe owe his fly-flapper to a remote progenitor, the sturgeon." A world of curiosities, to which we listen with interest, if not amazement, spreads out before us, as we sit with Mr. Darwin's volumes in our hands. As when he tells us, that in the "common ass we see signs of its original desert life, in its strong dislike to cross the smallest stream of water, and in its pleasure in rolling in the dust;" and that the same strong dislike to cross a stream is common to the camel, which has been domesticated from a very early period. But we are more amazed when we read of the means by which the intelligence of apes was evoked, preparatory to their assuming the human form, or when Mr. Darwin tells us that he sees nothing particularly wonderful in the way in which the eye came to be the marvellous instrument it is,—

With these facts, and bearing in mind how small the number of living animals is in proportion to those which have become extinct, *I can see no very great difficulty in believing* that Natural Selection has converted the simple apparatus of an optic nerve, merely coated with pigment, and invested by transparent membrane, into an optical instrument as perfect as possessed by any member of the Articulate Class (Insects).

Scripture says, on the converse of all this, "He that made the eye, shall He not see;" we think so when we speak of microscopes and telescopes, which are but poor imitations and helps to the human eye. But according to Darwinism, human mind presided over the manufacture of the prospect-glass, but over the structure of the eye no mind presided. How different to all this reads the sublime and comprehensive statement: "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." We repeat it; as we read Mr. Darwin's sketches in Natural History, we are instructed, we are delighted, but when he begins anywhere the game of hypothesis, or argument from metaphor, we cannot but

be amused, as he says:—"A well-developed tail having been formed in an aquatic animal, it might come to be worked in for all sorts of purposes—as a fly-flapper, or organ of prehension, or as an aid in turning; as with the dog, though the aid must be slight, for the hare, with hardly any tail, can double quickly enough." Swimming bladders and lungs come about in the same way. Is it not astonishing and amusing that it is easier to Mr. Darwin to believe in the transmutation of terrestrial into aquatic animals, and of fish into beasts, than to believe that an animal was created with both lungs and a tail; but everywhere, in all pages and places, Topsy's incessant exclamation is the motto for Darwinism, and "specks I grow'd" is the hypothesis of every creature, and every part of every creature. These marvellous potentialities of incipient being in embryo salute us in every study and at every turn.

But, as we said above, to the argument and the illustrations in the notable volume on the *Origin of Species* Mr. Darwin adds nothing, he simply promises another book. We may presume the same objection to personal creative power and wisdom, the same deification of the old law of natural selection—evidently the same belief that domestications illustrate varieties, while varieties merge into species. The reader will not, we believe, find in these volumes, what we hope we shall be pardoned for calling anything like the same audacity of assertion, or even of speculation; and to ordinary readers the volumes—save, perhaps, in the last chapters especially, that in which the new theory (what is called the provisional hypothesis of Pan-Genesis) is unfolded—will not seem very full of interest. As a work, they are an amazing monument of patient observation, of acquaintance with every recondite and out-of-the-way storehouse of knowledge, of inquisitive mingling with men, pigeon-fanciers and ignorant breeders, who, perhaps, with scarce an idea about anything in heaven, or earth, or sea, were yet able to minister one little fact or observation to Mr. Darwin's omnivorous stores. It has been remarked that the book has a truly German-like character about it, in its range of accurate detail, and the largeness of the field it covers. It is a curious book; we know not what we can say beyond this. It is a treatise, not upon what Mr. Darwin would call, and would have us to believe in, Natural Selection. It is a treatise upon Artificial Selection, which is at any rate as old as the patriarchs, and has a history from the day when Jacob produced varieties in Laban's flock, down to our transcendent boviculturist, of whom Lord Somerville says:—"It would seem as if breeders had chalked out on a wall the most perfect form of a sheep, and then given it

"existence." But it must be very obvious that there is an amazing difference between this and Mr. Darwin's doctrine, even this phase of it; that which the mind of man, presiding over the arrangements of nature can effect, can Nature effect for herself? Nature through all her domains weeds out the weak. This is the doctrine, the survival of the fittest, the battle to the strong, the race to the swift—this is the cheerful theory which Mr. Darwin finds proved to his satisfaction, through all the interminable ages he calls to his aid. Now, there is nothing in the history of nature that seems to endorse this. The theory of the transmutation of species has met with singular favour from many naturalists, from the desire to dispense, as far as possible, with the intervention of a First Cause, the ever-operating God. A number of notes are taken of instances in which man has been able to modify the structure of the plant or the animal, by consenting and co-operating activities of nature; but in all this there is not a hint of the transmutation of species; nay, nature, it would seem, rears her impassible barriers, so that one cannot pass to the other. Each creature has an orbit assigned to it, and the attempted transgression would not be the improvement of the species. The author of the *Three Barriers* finds a grouping of three distinct values in the Backbone, the Breast, and the Brain; these form still a kind of abiding type. Constancy of species, persistence of type, is the answer brought back to the surface, however deeply we may descend among the ancient records of creation. The story of nature does not seem to be the story of a number of converging lines, but lines strictly parallel and perpendicular, based upon the mystery of the thing. Men have in all ages attempted to show that successive acts of creation were beneath the possible condescension of an infinite and almighty mind; but before we can think this, we must be certain that we are clear in our conception of the being we call God. We remember Mrs. Jameson remarks, in her commonplace book, "I quoted to A, the saying of a sceptical philosopher, 'the world is but one enormous will constantly rushing into life.' 'Is that,' she responded quickly, 'another new name for God?'" Mr. Darwin's principle of the theory of natural selection seems worthy of a similar reply, Is that another new name for God? In his last sentence in the last work, Mr. Darwin remarks, apparently tentatively and hypothetically, an "omnipotent and omniscient Creator ordains everything, and foresees everything. Thus we are brought," he continues, "face to face with a difficulty as insoluble as that of free-will and predestination." Why, of course the difficulty is insoluble; it is as true now as ever. "Who can by searching find out God?" Mr. Darwin's exactest researches

are, after all, "only parts of His ways;" "the greatness of His power who can understand?" But this theory of natural selection, like the infinite will, in the quotation from Mrs. Jameson, seems to imply the very intelligence of God, that combination and congress of parts in every creature which, in dealing with comparative anatomy, makes a Cuvier or an Owen a prophet, when a single bone is presented to the eye, so that unerring science, from two or three remnants of a skeleton, is able to construct a plan of the architecture of the whole creature;—all this giving no proof or illustration of intelligence presiding over the original structure of the fabric, only a Divine power placed in nature, containing in itself the causes of generation, increase, or diminution, but itself wholly devoid of sense. What is this nature, this unreasoning, unconscious, undirected power of preference, this selecting, retaining, preferring, rejecting? It meets the observer everywhere; there are cunning contrivances apparent in all things, but mind is to be detected nowhere. Magical transformations take place; the structure of a bee-hive, the labours of an ant-hill, the parts and powers of a human hand, the infinite adaptations of the eye in man and in creatures, the bones of a snake, the coil of rings in a sightless worm—these all emanated from natural selection; the mind of God is in none of them; all came about from certain potential capabilities, which existed, and have manifested themselves so and so. God—a god of sea-weeds apparently—had to be conceived, in the language of logic, postulated, in the birthday of species, or in the first beginning. So far Mr. Darwin seems to cling to the old superstitions: all things were immanent in that first moment, in that first created thing. From thence all forms and manifestations and contrivances have emanated since, by natural selection. What is this wonderful, this infinite power which presides over natural selection? What is this principle of natural selection? Why, surely if a God was necessary in the morning of creation, in the birthday of all the races, there are abundant evidences that the same infinite power and wisdom has illustrated itself—say rather *himself*—since. What is this infinitely ranging, mighty tide of contriving and adapting life? No thought, no conception, no word of Mr. Darwin lifts the veil from the infinite and awful mystery of life. We walk through a city, its streets, palaces, mansions, its arrangements of lamps and roads—if we could not meet a being in the streets, if it were as deserted as a *Petræa*, *Etruria*, or *Pompeii*, if we saw only the collection of rude monuments, like those which greet us in the depths of American forests, we should know that mind had been there, the bricks, the marbles, the galleries of building, the unsolvable inscrip-

tions did not happen by any principle of natural selection in the things themselves. "I had rather believe," says Lord Bacon, a mind certainly not less perceptive, acute, cultivated, or bold than Mr. Darwin's in the departments of science, "I had rather believe all the fables in the *Legend* and the *Talmud* and the *Koran*, than that this universal frame is without a mind. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion, for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes, scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them, confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." "Very truly," says the Graduate, in his criticism of the theory, "the whole question is, whether mind has invented and organised all things, or whether the autoplasmic actions of irrational matter have elaborated the universe and its contents?" No solution is attained by leaving the task of creation to the functions immanent in creatures themselves; the tax such a doctrine levies upon credulity is astounding and immense, while the mind, elevated to the sense of the universally disseminated mystery of life and God—the infinite architect living over and diffused wherever life is moulding its forms *ad infinitum*, but it is most true incomprehensible wisdom, giving fitness to its multitudinous adaptations—is a conception which elicits our reverence, does honour to our judgment, and assuredly, while it is more in harmony with our common sense, levies less upon our sense even of mystery and credulity. We might therefore accept very much that Mr. Darwin presents to us; while, as we have said, in his natural selection we should only see his disposition to push God remotely away from His universe of creatures; our minds would rather receive it as the illustration of the ever-pervading mind in the life, ever spending itself unspent. But for the doctrines of transmutations, we have already remarked that barriers appear to be erected between certain orders of creatures. Scripture, in its accounts of the first acts of creation, seems to imply this very distinctly; we can quite feel that this would not weigh much with Mr. Darwin, or with many other readers. Meantime it is to be remembered that Mr. Darwin and his *colaborateurs* do not give, and never have given, any more than their great ancestors in this dream-land, any instances—there are no instances given of any creatures that have ever stepped across, or were stepping across, the bridges erected between certain orders of creatures. It ought never to be forgotten that with Lamarck, or Darwin, or Huxley, it is hypothesis all, dreams and fancies, and nothing

but dreams and fancies. They quite remind us of Shakespeare's Touchstone, "When the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as *if* you said "so, I said so, and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your "*if* is the only peacemaker; much virtue is in *if*." As Touchstone says, "you avoid all difficulties in an *if*." We have often been amused at the immense capacity certain sceptical natures have for digesting the tough pabulum of infinite *ifs*, while they sneer at the credulity of simpler believers, whose largest faith is that God has made His universe, and knows and cares for the creatures He has made. And in all simple truthfulness, what is this view of the universe which emerges from such theories as those, whatever they be? Whether, like Subtle in the *Alchemist*, they preach that—

Nature doth first beget the imperfect, then
Proceeds she to the perfect ;

or, like Oken, behold all the universe of things rising from the Oz—nothing, passing into the primary sea-mucus, out of which everything organic has been created. "Light," says Oken, "shines upon the water, and it is salted; light shines "upon the sea, and it lives." Why, this is only going a little further back than Mr. Darwin's sea-weed, then in the course of ages. As says the same great dreamer, "man is God wholly "manifested. God has become man, and Zero has become something. God is a rotating globe; the world is God rotating." Why, what sheer nonsense all this is, even as dreams and speculations—nonsense. Perhaps this would be regarded, as in truth, a very high compliment—*nonsense*. Such writers, however, if there is no reverence to spare for a God, have yet some objects on which to spend their devotions, and mucus itself becomes Divine. As Oken says, "Gazing upon a snail, one "believes that he sees the prophesying goddess sitting upon a "tripod. What majesty is in a creeping snail, what reflection, "what earnestness, what timidity, and yet at the same time "what firm confidence. Surely a snail is an exalted symbol of "mind, slumbering deeply within itself." So strange are the objects which inspire the reverence of these prophets, who, in the language of Ezekiel, "follow their own spirit and see—"nothing," like Göethe, who, in his conversations with Eckerman, when he received from a young artist a model of Miron's cow with a sucking calf: "Here," said he, "we have a subject "of the highest thought; the nourishing principle which upholds "the world and pervades all nature, is brought before our eyes "by this beautiful symbol. This, and others of a like nature, "I esteem the true symbols of the omnipresence of God." Truly

we have not far to go, even in modern times, for those who, "confessing themselves to be wise, become fools." It is such dreams as these which Robert Browning has lashed with the scorn of a grand satire, in *Caliban upon Setebos; or, Natural Theology on the Island*. Such speculations scarcely range above the maunderings of Caliban, and the god of such conceptions does not rise above the deity of Sycorax in the *Tempest*.

Setebos! setebos! and setebos!
 Thinketh he dwelleth i' the cold o' the moon;
 Thinketh he made it, with the sun to match,
 But not the stars; the stars came otherwise;
 Only made clouds, winds, meteors, such as that:
 Also this isle, what lives and grows thereon,
 And snaky sea, which rounds and ends the same.
 Thinketh it came of being ill at ease:
 He hated that he cannot change his cold,
 Nor cure its ache. Hath spied an icy fish
 That longed to 'scape the rock-stream where she lived,
 And thaw herself within the lukewarm brine
 O' the lazy sea, her stream thrusts far amid,
 A crystal spike 'twixt two warm walls of wave;
 Only she ever sickened, found repulse
 At the other kind of water, not her life
 (Green, dense, and dim delicious bred o' the sun),
 Flounced back from bliss she was not born to breathe,
 And in her old bounds buried her despair,
 Hating and loving warmth alike: so he.

Such is creation and such is God, according to the science of Oken, we must add also, we think, of Darwin.

We have reminded our readers that Mr. Darwin plainly tells us that he expects in the course of time his ideas will rectify our psychology. We may therefore well be careful and watchful as we notice the character and consequences of his hypothesis; there is no essential difference between creatures, no fixed place, no absolute orb is assigned to them, it is all a scheme of potentialities. We know how especially Mr. Huxley looks with affectionate and tender regard towards "our poor relations," the great family of monkeys, apes, baboons, chimpanzees, and gorillas. Ah! the gorilla has been found to be a finer and closer approximation to man; and curious, but still disputed discoveries have affirmed, that in the ape race there is a slighter difference than was supposed between the brain and the human brain. Anatomists still sigh for the missing link. It is supposed that somewhere buried among the rocks, or in some hitherto unexplored wood or forest, the missing link yet remains undiscovered. When we are somewhat cynically disposed, we per-

haps fancy we even discover some traces of it in our social circle. We believe, however, we do no injustice to modern science when we affirm, that these large-minded and catholic spirits still wait for the missing link; meantime this beautiful theory beholds all law and language, art and science, the palace and the minster, the galleries of the sculptor and the artist, the volumes of Shakespeare and the prism of Newton, all latent in the Chimpanzee, all to be by-and-by restored from the baboon. Nature is wonderful; and our simple remark upon this is, that it is all hypothetical. Meantime it is remarkable, too, that while much is hoped for from time, and, as Paley says, "such theorists having eternity to dispose of are never sparing "in the use of time;" time, so far as we know it, says nothing in favour of the hypothesis; time, which makes every difference to man, makes none to the brute. Mankind has a history; some think that it is the story of progress; at any rate it is a history—inconstant movement and incessant change, development of ideas, strife for ideas, battles for freedoms, laws for that wonderful and ineffable thing called Conscience. Such are the marks upon that wonderful fact and race, mankind; by the side of it, it is the merest idleness, it is only the refinement of morbid dreaming, in the chamber of a sick soul, to attempt to bring a bit of sea-weed, or a monkey, into the herald's office of human nature, and to seek to quarter their arms or to turn their effigies into a crest with ours, beneath the idea that descent, with variation, modification, and domestication, gives a clue to the whole of the mystery. In the volumes which have immediately led to these recapitulatory remarks, Mr. Darwin furnishes us with some beautiful wood engravings, especially of his favourites—the pigeons. We have some striking difference represented in the porcine breeds; but the wild boar and the pig are sufficiently one, and pigeons, through all their variations, are pigeons still, leaving, for the time, out of consideration the fact that all these changes are artificial, wrought by man upon these creatures for them, not by them. No proofs of that amazing sweep which, as it has been said, "makes the angler "one with the trout for which he is fishing, and the dairymaid "one with the cow she is milking, may establish a cousinship "between the angler and the tobacco he smokes, and the cow and "the cowslip she crops." It is quite impossible, in a brief paper of a few pages, to do thorough justice to an analysis of thoughts to which a man—and a man of many parts and powers—has devoted the labour of a life. We believe we have done no injustice in seizing upon two or three of the chief points of a theory

which we really believe some are disposed to regard not unfavourably, but which surely, but for that sense of wonder in man which leads him to look at everything which strikes the imagination as bold and new, and especially for that environment of the theory in the happy style, in the large knowledge of natural history possessed by its propounder, would not detain any mind long. It was a fine remark of Sir Thomas Browne: "Since," he says, "I was understanding to know that we know nothing, my mind has been pliable to the will of faith." We are quite certain that the obedient faith, which receives implicitly the evidence of an infinite creating and sustaining mind, and accepts, too, the sense every man has of individuality, responsibility, and destiny, disentangles itself from the very mysteries which would be thrust upon us by the idea that a mere unguided principle of natural affinity with all creatures, and a natural selection, in which weakness is dashed against the wall of circumstance, would make plain. Seldom has so acute an observer as Mr. Darwin been the propounder of such bold and transcendental hypotheses. He argues, indeed, that "provisional hypotheses" are even necessary to the service of science; and, quoting his text from Dr. Whewell, says that they may be of service even when they involve a certain portion of incompleteness, and even of error. Such a doctrine leaves the promulgator a very large margin. We ourselves are not disposed to question that it may often be so; meantime it is a duty to be upon the guard and on the watch tower, lest the incompleteness should be erected into the pattern of perfect wisdom, and the error should be made the gauge and standard of truth. The remark we have quoted is made in introducing the last chapter, or rather that before the last, in which he summarises his conclusions. That chapter is entitled the "Provisional Hypothesis of Pan-Genesis." With his usual admirable neatness and conciseness of statement, Mr. Darwin says:—

It is almost universally admitted that cells, or the units of the body, propagate themselves by self-division or proliferation, retaining the same nature, and ultimately becoming converted into the various tissues and substances of the body. But besides this means of increase I assume that cells, before their conversion into completely passive or "formed material," throw off minute gemmules or atoms, which circulate freely throughout the system, and when supplied with proper nutriment multiply by self-division, subsequently becoming developed into cells like those from which they were derived. These gemmules, for the sake of distinctness, may be called cell-gemmules, or, as the cellular theory is not fully established, simply gemmules. They are supposed to be transmitted from the parents to the offspring, and are generally

developed in the generation which immediately succeeds, but are often transmitted in a dormant state during many generations, and are then developed. Their development is supposed to depend on their union with other partially developed cells or gemmules which precede them in the regular course of growth. Why I use the term union will be seen when we discuss the direct action of pollen on the tissues of the mother-plant. Gemmules are supposed to be thrown off by every cell or unit, not only during the adult stage, but during all the stages of development. Lastly, I assume that the gemmules in their dormant state have a mutual affinity for each other, leading to their aggregation either into buds or into the sexual elements. Hence, speaking strictly, it is not the reproductive elements, nor the buds, which generate new organisms, but the cells themselves throughout the body. These assumptions constitute the provisional hypothesis which I have called Pan-Genesis.

We are very much mistaken if this does not turn out to be hypothesis armed against hypothesis, and think we can trace some indications which may prove fatal to the previous theory of the principle of natural selection. The doctrine itself, we believe, is not new, but will be found anticipated substantially in Swedenborg's *Animal Kingdom*. To many readers, to all who are interested most in what may be called the metaphysical or transcendental views delineated by Mr. Darwin, we believe these will seem the most interesting chapters of the volumes. To us it is more immediately pertinent to remark, that as in previous pages, and especially in the earlier work, they show how an active mind behind a quick eye is incessantly engaged in running up its observations into abstractions, in framing metaphors which serve for arguments, in constructing an infinite round of being from a finite cell. All this is very interesting, and frequently even very beautiful; but we must not permit such speculations so to dominate the judgment and the mind as to disturb the most cherished treasures of the household of faith. We trust, among all the criticism Mr. Darwin's theory has called forth, this brief notice of some of its more striking features, at a time when his new work, which we must regard—although it does not express any such statement verbally—as something like a sound of retreat from the very high ground of his early work, will not be regarded as untimely. The *Origin of Species* still receives the suffrages of so many thinkers, that its natural theology and natural history cannot be too distinctly discriminated; nor can we close the paper without giving our heartiest thanks to the Graduate of Cambridge, for what we must regard as a thoroughly able, profound, searching, and scholarly exposition and demolition of Mr. Darwin's doctrines; regarded as a discussion of the *Origin*

of *Species*, as essays on the variations of domestication, and man's power in producing them, they are interesting as the observations of a naturalist above any need or power of ours to praise.

THE PRICE OF TWO MISDEMEANOURS.

THE old sarcasm on the unequal administration of English justice, viz., that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, is amply verified every week. It is impossible to cast a glance over any newspaper, without the eye being arrested by some notorious instance of the flagrant maladministration of law. We wish that some idle but able hands would employ themselves to gather from the files of newspapers the illustrations. Our attention has been particularly attracted to the two following instances of gross injustice which have been recently perpetrated at Brighton:—

CAUTION TO "JOLLY DOGS."—*William Watson Forbes*, 20, a visitor staying at the Grand Hotel, was convicted of wrenching off certain knockers and bell-pulls at an early hour this morning, and was mulcted in a penalty of £21 2s. and costs. The money was paid.

Henry Goldsmith, 12, charged with sleeping in a shutter-box in George-street, and being in a destitute state, was sentenced to 14 days' hard labour.

Even a somewhat thoughtless reader, as he reads the above account, cannot fail in being startled by the glaring violation not only of the spirit, but likewise of the very letter, of English law. We blush with indignation when we consider that the poorer classes of our land are liable to be subjected to the penalties inflicted by magistrates whose only idea of justice seems to be to screen and gloss over the crimes of the rich and to punish the destitute. The above two instances are palpable proofs of the truth of our statement; in the first case a man is charged and *found guilty* of wrenching off door knockers and bell handles, thus damaging and destroying property, for doing which (being wealthy) a mere fine is inflicted, and he is able to lay down his cheque and end the matter; while in the second case, a poor, half-starved, and destitute lad, only twelve years of age, is charged and found guilty of the heinous offences of being *destitute*, and sheltering his poor body from the cold winds in a *shutter-box*, has not even the option of a fine, but on the contrary, is condemned to fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour. We wonder the poor cherish no fine sentiments concerning the *impartiality* of English justice. Surely there is no crime so great as that of *being poor*.

V.

SPRINGDALE ABBEY.

WE know not who may be the author of *Springdale Abbey*; *Extracts from Diaries and Letters of an English Preacher*.—(Longmans, Green, and Co.).—In getting up, this stately volume looks more like some work intended to take a place of permanent possession in the library than an ephemeral work of fiction. There is, in truth, a great deal of power in the volume, but it is evidently of an order which would find itself more at home in a volume of essays than in a novel. The reader will find himself in difficulty to determine whether it is the production of a Churchman not especially well informed about the ways of Dissent, who desires thus to express his kindly feelings to Nonconformists; or a Nonconformist, who knows still less about the Church, but desires to express his kindly dispositions to it. The story is of the very thinnest description; the plot, if plot it can be called, is of the poorest. But this is plainly of very slight concern with the author, compared with making his pages a vehicle for certain sentiments, mostly of a good-natured kind, on all sides, about Church and Dissent, but especially a vehicle for strokes of wit and a rough kind of humour, which will unquestionably make any reader roar with laughter, to whom such an exercise is not a mortal wickedness. Whoever the author may be, and whatever his regards to Baptists, he cannot be congratulated upon his tender treatment of Particular Baptists. Mr. Barnabas Gladdon, the especial naughty man of the book, is one of that order; a preacher of a type which, both morally and homiletically, we should be glad to suppose nearly or quite extinct. Here, however, is the outline of one of his sermons, which may interest some of our readers in the ministry. It is our preacher who says:—"Thursday.—Met Mr. Christopher Fogden this morning; he had been hearing his father-in-law last Sunday evening. Gave me an outline of the sermon. The subject was Beelzebub; and the divisions were, first, Who the devil is he? he is a roaring lion; second, What the devil is he? he is your adversary; third, Where the devil is he?

"he goeth about, &c. A fine analytic power, no doubt, which "nearly made Christy tell the preacher to go, &c." Indeed the author speaks of "that hardest of ecclesiastical conundrums, a Particular Baptist." We cannot but regard the volume as an immense waste of power. There is wit, humour, frequently passages of clear, sharp speaking, but all devoted, as it seems to us, to the fighting extinct devils, or knocking down the already exterminated men of straw. We suspect the author must have spent more time in his study and among his books than in watching what really goes on in society around. If Barnabas Gladdon lives anywhere, it is not worth the time and attention of such a writer as this to describe him; he certainly does not exist as a representative man. Why use repulsive and loathsome reptiles for purposes of art? Certainly the fellow had an extraordinary slang, which many have not been indisposed to adopt, as when he gives the reason for his continuance in the ministry in the following little conversation, in which the vicar, with Annerson, one of his parishioners, and Barnabas Gladdon, hold some intercourse with each other. The vicar is the first speaker, the next, Gladdon the Baptist:—

"I don't see though," said I, "that you have any right to call those who differ from you 'children of Satan.'"

"Perhaps not, but you look a-squint and not straight forward, whereas by the grace—"

"Will you sit there and hear him say you squint?" Annerson inquired.

"It is merely a figure of speech," I replied.

"Be hanged to figures of speech, there's not a nickname in the world that isn't a figure of speech."

"Sin runs like a cold rheum over this man's conscience so that he refraineth not from evil talk."

"Talk," said Annerson, "there's not a man in any market-place in the world can understand your talk; I'll eat my head for a sheep's head if you are an Englishman, you must come from that Mobe o' yours—"

"Nay truly; God's children are at home anywhere; having the spirit of love they can box the compass all round."

"I wish you would box yourself out of this parish," said Annerson, "if you don't you will be getting your ears boxed," and then he laughed as if he had no intention of ever ceasing, yet the cold laughter came only from the mouth, there was no tone of the human heart in it. It made me shiver.

"I remain here that I may comfort those who have tested the worthlessness of Uzza's arm of flesh, and who are mourning because the Philistines have stopp'd up almost all the wells that our blessed Isaac opened. They cannot procure the marrow of the Gospel but from my

teaching, for the Arminians are like the cuckoo who comes forth with his vain repetitions and never utters anything but his own name."

"I must say that you give utterance to a vile slander, if you now refer to my sermons," said I.

"They *are* sermons, too, by George," said Annerson, "why I bet—"

"Bet nothing in this peaceful retirement," Gladdon said, "I know that your heart is too costive to part with anything, and I should as soon think of persuading wild Japheth into the tents of Shem as of convincing you of the true essentials of the preaching of grace."

"Our parson, though he is sitting there I *will* say it, preaches better sermons than could ever come out of your head."

"Thank you Mr. Annerson," said I.

"Don't thank me for speaking the bare truth," said he, "I don't oft sawder any man."

"I know the doctrine," said Gladdon, "it is as good a web as carnal reason is capable of weaving from the quills of human invention; but while God has sent corn to make his saints cheerful, the Arminians are making them sad with chaff."

"You are a strange medley of metaphor," said I.

"Bother your webs and quills and chaff; do you think they've got anything to do with preaching?"

"I wonder not that my figures are strange to you, for the god of this world hath blinded many eyes; I know that Arminians browse like beasts on the sweet boughs of grace, but they look thin after it, as if they had devoured their own bowels."

And, among the papers of Mr. Barnabas Gladdon, discovered after his flight, we meet with the following extracts and memoranda:—

Another paper contained an offer to lend money provided that good security was forthcoming, on which was written in pencil:—"Some of these grovelling usurers shall yet groan like turtles, and if they lose their souls in a muck heap they must scrape for them." Another paper conveyed an invitation to preach, and suggested that Barnabas should take for a text—"My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi," after which there was written in pencil—"Not one of the clusters shall they touch, since they recompensed me not for my last sweet sermon; they left me to run like a hind on the barren mountains, but I shall give them some sharp pills, and if need be, I shall prick them to let their pleurisy blood." Another paper had the appearance of having been torn out of a regular diary. Some of the extracts are in the old man's most rigid style—"The people at Rehoboth have fallen into a mortiferous sleep, so that they care not how they slubber up the Lord's service, but if I go amongst them again I shall not ring Aaron's bells, but I shall give them to feel the stitches and girds and gripes of a wicked conscience, and they shall know that if they have dainty cheer, they shall have a saucy reckoning." Another

entry, under a later date, was of similar import—"The covenant saints at Higher Zion are rotting their own bones by envying the people who hear the word from my lips. They will feel that Judas carries his own executioner within him. They have got an itch which must be scratched by the law, for though their heads are at Zion their hearts are at Horeb. They have been so much gorged with the sweets of mercy, that they have become like the hen in the fable—too fat to lay." From another entry we inferred that Barnabas had been once more pursued by his creditors—"I fear not their wooden daggers; these hot-headed scribes write too vehemently, not knowing that even if they shut up their plastered shops I can still fat my soul upon holy grub. There have always been frogs enough to throat out false complaints against God's dear elect."

The book seems to be intended to satirise certain supposed peculiarities of Dissenters; yet the author gives Mr. Washington, his pet Dissenting minister, the whip-hand of the minister, when we read—

"The State stands to the nation as a parent stands to his family, and as the parent is bound to provide Christian instruction for his children, so the State is bound to provide Christian instruction for the nation; and the Church of England is a magnificent realisation of this natural and noble principle."

Having read this, I looked triumphantly towards Mr. Washington, having a notion that the epithets were well-chosen.

"The State is an odd sort of father though," he said, "look at it which way you will; it seems to me that he could not have any existence apart from the will of his children; it seems also that every seven years the children have to rearrange a good deal of the old gentleman's constitution; it seems still further that this cunning old gentleman shirks a good many of the duties which are commonly understood to attach to the parental function; for example, it is the duty of the parent to provide his children with shoes, but the old gentleman has never, so far as I am aware, set up a National Shoemakers' Shop; it is also the duty of a parent to provide his children with medical attendance, but I have never heard that our political Father has established a Drug and Bolus Warehouse, including leeches and tinctures; now it does seem to me extremely odd that this old gentleman should be so ardently affectionate in one particular department of fatherly service, and yet should neglect so glaringly all other departments; no tallow-chandler in the world would behave so disgracefully."

"Ah, Mr. Washington, you should never drive an analogy on all fours," said I.

"That is true," he replied, "but you may expect a father to walk upon both his feet; now your State Father is one-legged, one-armed, one-eyed, one-eared; very fatherly on one side and very unfatherly on

another, just like a man who would make a great fuss about having a tablecloth, but care nothing about providing a dinner."

"But the State may be like a father in one particular without being a father in others," I interposed.

"And therefore I should say it is no father at all," Mr. Washington answered; "if a man was brought before you on the charge of neglecting to feed his children, would you allow him to plead that though he might be unfatherly in one particular he was very fatherly in another, for while he gave his children nothing to eat he was always careful to see that their shoes were well soled? Would you allow him to escape, on the plea that we should not drive an analogy on all fours?"

But is the book kind? It does not seem to us even just. There is the appearance about it as of a somewhat disappointed man, who through these pages evidences the ability for higher things. He gives vent to disappointment in hard satiric expressions, as we have said, rather remarkable for a certain one-sided occasional truth than for their happy presentation of social phases. Still he does remember that disappointment may be the possession of a successful as well as an unsuccessful man; and, beyond all question, the author of this volume is not one who is to have his obscurity for the first time enlightened by the publication of this volume. "It is a singular thing that 'the devil cannot keep on one side of the road.'"

* Why should he seek to do his business on both sides of the way? Probably to prevent the religious communities from crowing too loudly over one another, by giving them to understand that they are in danger by exposing them to the biting argument called *tu quoque*. The devil seems to have a peculiar liking for religious people. If one could but see him when he edges his way among such people and sets his ear at an acute angle, what a spectacle he would be, and what a study!

And, as to charming the devil—a deep inquiry he leaves to be settled by the "Scream and Bellow Fraternal Debating Club, 'assembling in sulphur cellar.'" Indeed, it is singular to think how any reverent or truthful mind could express itself as this writer sometimes does, as follows:—

I dare say the sanguine enemy is not unlikely to count his chickens before they are hatched, and for my own part I like to think that the said enemy barks more than he bites, and that men are not so bad as they are occasionally made out to be by bilious and cadaverous theological photographers. Calming one's self for a moment, and dropping into a reflective mood, it is not a little curious to speculate as to the said enemy's emotions when such a well-prepared and congenial man as Bar-

nabas Gladdon falls into his hands. How well met! It is hard to believe that he will punish such an ally; will he not rather give him welcome and thank him for having made such a fool of the religious world? In fact I doubt whether the devil will punish anyone; it strikes me rather that it will be punishment enough to be with the devil.

We read such paragraphs, and again recur to the impression that the author knows more of life from the study than the street. One of those passages, exhibiting the author in his better mood, but still with that invariable sneer which flaws most of the things he says, is the following, comprising directions about preaching, it is in the tenth chapter:—

“Yes, sir, the heart yearns for *life*! Life is logic; life is philosophy; without it you have many miles of yarn and mountains of dust, but the nine hundred will turn away heavy with disappointment.

“I cannot but think at this point of the Rev. Zebediah Mens—do you remember me speaking of him during our ramble in Wales?—who surpasses every preacher I ever heard for preaching exclusively to the *head*. There is not a drop of tenderness in him! For the last dozen years, to my knowledge, he has been so pummelling the heads of his hearers that there is now hardly a head to be seen within five hundred yards of his intellectual pulpit. He literally despises every appeal to the heart, and when he talks about *tears* it is almost appalling to mark the intensity of his disapprobation. He makes his appeal to what he calls the ‘culture’ of his flock, but I have known so many cases in which priests have preached their churches empty by preaching to ‘culture,’ that the very word ‘culture,’ especially when pronounced as if spelt ‘*keltcher*,’ has come to have a very chilling effect upon me. What a delusion is this so-called intellectual preaching! This perpetual operation on the human cranium will no more convert the world than the cramming of a grate with wood, coals, and paper will create a fire. The *spark*, sir, is wanted!

* * * * *

“You say that you are bent on trying the *illustrative* style of preaching. Good! I would clap my hands if I were not writing, but to make up for that demonstration of approval I will say, ‘Good’ again! Pictures are preachers. I never go over a great picture gallery without laughing and crying under the spell of the silent preachers that agitate all my sensibilities. Permit me, however, to suggest a practical caution about word-painting. Let me advise you not to attempt to paint too *minutely* on the platform. Remember that you are painting for a crowd; for a crowd, too, with naked eyes, and eyes untrained to discover the subtle graces of high art. In all education always begin with capitals. A camel’s-hair brush is of no use on the platform. I tell you, sir, that a new broom (anything of the besom

genus) is infinitely better for platform painting than the finest brush you could find in the studio of the finest artist. You might borrow Raphael's brush, but can you borrow Raphael's *hand*? Shakspeare found a Hamlet in *his* inkhorn; other men have dipped their pens in the same inkhorn, and brought up nothing but common ink. Allow me to say that you must not trouble yourself too deeply about delicate neutral tints; you must use bucketsful of vermilion, dash the 'loud colours' on with liberality, and the less enlightened of the nine hundred will scream with delight. Oratory in huge buildings owes a good deal to vermilion and indigo, though it would often shirk a handsome avowal of the vulgar obligation. Many a time you must have heard how 'neat' speeches (that would have made quite a fortune of repute at a Ladies' Dorcas anniversary) have been coughed down by a mighty assembly, and have heard how vermilion and indigo (that would have sent a shudder through said anniversary) have been received with echoing and reduplicating thunder. With so shrewd a man as you for a reader I need not stop to explain to a punctilio what I mean, need I? If you had been one of those literal dogs who think that no story is equal to a good pronouncing dictionary, and that Fun is a decayed grace, I should have put the same suggestion into other words, and given in a long foot-note minute references to lexicons and grammars; but to one so genial and perceptive my own exaggeration will be the best example of the course I advise."

But we have quoted pretty lengthily from a book which we assuredly think it has been a wasted strength in the author to write. The reader will find amusement in it, and occasionally something more. There are evidences of large knowledge; we cannot but regret that there are the evidences of that very biliousness which the writer satirises. Satire pervades the book. Sometimes he makes mistakes, as when he sets his Methodist singing that he was ready to—

Clap my glad wings and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

It is evident that we should understand this as one of Wesley's hymns; but Mr. Annerson was not likely to know anything of Parnel's poetry, where the lines really occur in the Night-piece on "Death." The author is often more humorous in his little by-play, as when the vicar hears a poor parishioner one night exclaiming in his prayer, "Lord, Thou has sent me many trials, if it be Thy blessed will I should like Thee to try me with a bit of brass." On the rough, Dissenting ranter's encounter with poor critical Ibberson—a shrewd fellow, but unhappily lame—he demolished the ranter's grammar and sense, and in return the ranter outraged the right reverence and good

feeling, by declaring that if Ibberson Leeman "was not born "in sin, he was at least shapen in iniquity." The vicar confesses "it was a great grief to me to find that anyone could "turn the game leg of one of my parishioners to such vicious "account, but I doubted not that vengeance would fall upon the "offender." In truth we have no especial *penchant* for even the cleverest of these sectarian novels, portraits, or satires. Life is not suspended upon a sectarian idea. A Dissenting minister introduced—as Mrs. Gaskill introduces her simple, pure piece of human loveliness into the story of Ruth—serves at once the purposes of art in the structure and the movement of the story, while it sheds a mild light round the disreputable sectarianism of Dissent. The same may perhaps be said of a similar character in *Felix Holt*. But these novels, founded upon the relations of Church and State, and the courtesies or collisions between their respective representatives, seem to us wanting in the essential principles of art. Even with the cleverest of our novelists or satirists, they affect us not more pleasantly than if Raphael or Murillo had made their canvasses to represent some saint afflicted with *goitre*, or Thorwaldsen had employed his chisel and marble for the purpose of representing a man with a wooden leg. No doubt they would all have done even these things in the highest style of art; but these are not the things we expect from artists, and every man professes to be an artist when he begins to work in fiction. The author of *Springdale Abbey* has many characteristics superior to many of the authors of such writings. High Church literature abounds in fictions in the very worst taste and temper, and we have long meditated an impalement of some of the vile and abominable ribaldry in which some mendacious descendants of the apostles and tergiversating representatives of a pure and spotless Church, sow in fiction the seeds of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, and delicately dress forth all their bitterness, wrath, and evil-speaking. It must be admitted some fictions, coloured by Dissenting life, are as bad, or even worse—the worst of the type the production of that mythical personage, "Mrs. Florence Williamson;" we may be certain, therefore, that her pen, dipped in ink, plentifully spiced and thinned with cayenne and vinegar, has not given to us *Springdale Abbey*. There are hints of power, as we have said, in the book, far beyond that which obviously appears; it resembles the author of ponderous essays taking off his heavy boots and skipping about for his own amusement in the light and thin pumps of a story-teller. We almost thought it such a thing as, in his lighter moods, the author of *Greyson's Letters* might have written; or we might have suspected a very near

neighbour of Mr. Greyson, and perhaps have been nearer the mark; only the author seems to sneer at popular preaching, and our guess would have been a popular preacher in the not very far North. Whoever may be the author, the frequent roughness, ruggedness, even occasional coarseness, shows no unkindly spirit; and while we cannot think the *physique* of the volume likely to serve its popularity, as we have shown by our quotations, there are abundant pages which will keep a cheerful light on heart and face, while yet, perhaps, if we were to try our poor bungling hands at such a story—which may all sacred things forbid!—we should yet attempt to give widely different conceptions of the relations of Church and State and Tabernacle in a little country town. We put down the volume. We have been desirous of holding, in our notice, the balance, in our estimate of the book, exhibiting many marks of mental power and attainment with what we cannot but regard singular purposelessness and misappropriation. We began by saying we know not who may be the author; yet, without a hint beyond the book itself, we perhaps might find out in less than three guesses.

VI.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

IN *The Wizard of the Mountain*, by William Gilbert, two vols.—(Strahan & Co.)—Mr. Gilbert adopts a new method for the exercise of those powers of subtle analysis and delineation of mental peculiarity for which all his works are more or less remarkable. These pictures have something of the manner of Nathaniel Hawthorn, not that they will suggest to readers any resemblance in style or dramatic method, but, as in the pieces of that great master of weird suggestion, so in these sketches the story is used for the most recondite and subtle purposes of thought; shadows of possible mental states leap and play across these pages. We cannot think the title a happy one; it seems too much in the mysteries of Udolpho, or the Mysterious Knight of the Bloody Blanket style. The Wizard of the Mountain, whose life is the subject of the last sketch, “the Innominato’s (*i.e.*, the Wizard) Confession,” is one who becomes possessed of supernatural or superhuman powers by fellowship and acquaintance with a venerable, mysterious man, who had inhabited the mountain solitudes before him. He had been intended for the Church, but relinquished its claims upon him at the call of love and forbidden knowledge. His confession is one of the most interesting psychological pieces in the volumes; the fame of the Wizard, or the Innominato, fills the whole region far and near; his power over men and their destinies, in mysterious and inapprehensible ways; for a characteristic of the marvels wrought by him is that in most instances they are not immediate but slow, attending their subjects like a persistent and inevitable fate; and wronged people, wicked people, foolish people, and good people alike come to him for advice, and to attempt to get the seeming wrong things of their life righted. In the first story, “the Doctor Onofrio,” Mr. Gilbert has, perhaps unconsciously, repeated the scheme of the well-known and vigorous old story of the “Dean of Badajoz;” this again is founded on an old legend; and we almost wondered whether it had given to Mr. Gilbert the happy hint of his succession of sketches. Mr. Gilbert is a

humorist, but as may be supposed by those acquainted with his previous writings, his humour is usually of a grim order. Perhaps the sweetest piece of humour in the volumes is the story of "Tomaso and Pepino," the old couple who, having lived together, and struggled on very happily for fifty years, wished to be made young again, and went to the wizard with the strange request that he would perform that same feat for them. But this was beyond even the wizard's power; all that he could do to meet their wishes was to make one beautiful in appearance, retaining all the sedateness and gravity of age, the other retaining all the appearance of age with the hilarity and merriment of youth; so in mutual agreement the old lady was made to put on all the appearance of youth again, and the old gentleman went back to all the liveliness and vivacity of a young man, and in this strange juxtaposition they travelled for some days on their way, until the succession of calamities it brought about, made them only heartily desirous to avail themselves of the opportunity the wizard had given them to retreat back again into the charm of their old companionship. And somewhat like it, but more grim in its humour, is the story of "Don Bucefalo and the Curate," a pair by no means so innocent and good and happy as "Tomaso and Pepino," who covered their secret sins of cupidity and miserable selfishness beneath the desire of Don Bucefalo, a little, short, fat, greedy clerk, to be thin, and the curate, a tall, thin, hollow-cheeked priest, to become fat, and used these wishes in their visit to the wizard for the purpose of concealing their deeper lusts for gold and gain, and found in the end that they had only managed to lose their gains and secure for themselves miserable inconvenience in their transformation. In the "Last Lords of Gardonal," Mr. Gilbert turns the point of ghastliness and weird horror, not ineffectively, but not with the same pleasing skill which characterises the more genial and humorous paintings. The sketches, as our readers may suppose, have no especial order or continuity; we can scarcely give to them that high place to which we have awarded many of his social paintings and views of life in our great cities. They are not unworthy of Mr. Gilbert; they can, we think, only be read with pleasure and interest; they show the power of a singularly observant and subtile author, remarkable for his power of vivid analysis of human nature, and thoughtful separation of its principles of action into their most elementary motives, in dealing with the mystical and strange, and flying that region of probability or possibility, into which the mind will sometimes travel, for the purpose of hinting lessons which it is the poet's art to teach, and which none should be indisposed to learn.

WE have left unnoticed too long *The Diamond Rose: a Life of Love and Duty*. By Sarah Tytler.—(Alexander Strahan.)—It is a sweet volume, particularly scenic and partially historical, a succession of pictures, although on one canvas, very much after the manner of the author's "Days of Yore." Pictures of old Edinburgh life, mostly in those times when Scotland had not subsided from her generous, but unhappy enthusiasm for the unworthy Stuarts. The author's style is always her own, and always admirable; her pictures are like stereoscopic views in their distinctness, there is a freshness and healthy reality about them very charming. The little volume before us is not so ambitious as either "Citoyenne Jacqueline" or the "Huguenot Family," but it has all their individuality of painting; although brief, and rather fitted for a young girl's library, it is pervaded by beautiful and noble sentiments, unfolding themselves in patient and much enduring life-toils and trials. It is what its title describes, a story of "A Life of Love and Duty," whose lights are never of the merely sentimental order, but of that pensive and sober power which are the best compensations for faithful souls.

A VERY happy idea, the extreme importance of which we called attention to some years since, when, in the *Eclectic*, December, 1864, we said, "Among our societies we wish we had one for the reprint of rare and valuable old tracts," seems now likely to be carried out, from some admirable specimens which have been forwarded to us of *English reprints*; *John Milton's Arcopagitica* (24th November), 1644, preceded by *Illustrative Documents, carefully Edited by Edward Arber*. (Alexander Murray and Son.) *Master Hugh Latimer's ex-Bishop of Worcester, Sermon on the Plougher, 18th January 1549, carefully Edited by Edward Arber*.—(Alex. Murray and Sons.)—These little reprints are perfectly beautiful, perfect, and entire, wanting nothing; for while the papers themselves are reprinted in the old style, they are accompanied by such editorial remarks and prefixes as may compendiously present to the reader all necessary information about them, without materially adding to their bulk. The *Arcopagitica* is accompanied by the decree of the Star Chamber concerning printing, and the order of the Lords and Commons, at a later date, for the regulating of printing. Latimer's famous sermon is accompanied by an introduction, and a chronicle of the principal events in the life, works, and times of the great preacher. The two are good promises of what the editor and publisher intend. The price of each reprint, elegant, patiently prepared, valuable in itself and its appended information, is only

sixpence—some are to be a shilling; but, judging from those which have appeared, we can form an idea of the cheapness of the publication. We trust the design will be answered by such a corresponding success as shall give to us a long succession of volumes. The shelves of old libraries are crowded with admirable pieces, some not included in the collected works of their respective authors, some of doubtful authorship, but weighty with the noble and vigorous English of the days of old. Some years since many pieces were reprinted by Effingham Wilson; but Mr. Arber's design seems to be larger, and likely to be carried out with great and comprehensive ability, leaving little or nothing to be desired. The pith of a great mind is frequently seen in one short paper, for the possession of which, it has often happened that the whole folios or quartos of an author have been purchased. Milton's *Areopagitica* is as eminently his greatest piece of prose as his *Paradise Lost* is his greatest poem. It is, as Lord Macaulay called it, a perfect field of cloth of gold, and we trust, through these reprints, to make acquaintance with many pieces hitherto unknown to us, or known only by repute. We might suggest also, that the series may be relieved by some rare poems. Some men have written one, almost unknown, whose rare deserts would confer upon them immortality, like Christopher Smart's *Song of David*. No one can care much for Christopher Smart's other poems, but it sometimes seems to us a strange thing that we have no accessible reprint of those magnificent verses. In prose and in poetry we hope these beautiful little reprints will effect much for us.

LIKE order of book, the "Pulpit Spray" of a long and useful ministerial life, is *Pulpit Echoes; or, Passages from Discourses and Expositions*. By Rev. John Macfarlane, LL.D.—(James Nisbet.)—The title quite sufficiently describes the book; it is a collection of thoughtful and emotional passages, and it is necessary to say they are scarcely collected by the author himself. Many were taken down in short-hand by two members of the author's congregations in Glasgow and London, and were afterwards sent to the preacher. The volume is substantially what was thus communicated, a beautiful memorial volume for the author's three congregations, and one which no one can peruse without finding on most of the pages mental impressions and stimulations which, in the soil of an active mind, may bring forth the fruit of good thought and awakening speech in others who are in the habit of public teaching, and find the best words of good men helpful to their own work.

A BOOK to be welcomed by boys who are fond of reading works of travel and adventure, is *The Weaver-Boy who became a Missionary ; being the Story of the Life and Labours of David Livingstone.* By H. G. Adams.—(Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.)—The story of Dr. Livingstone's life is very freely told by Mr. Adams. All the chief incidents in the great African traveller's adventurous career find a place in the pages of this book ; his progress, from those early days during which he worked as a "factory hand" at the cotton works of Blantyre, is followed step by step, not only till the time when all Europe echoed with his name, but up till the moment of his supposed murder by the treacherous natives in the country beyond Lake Nyassa. Books like this of Mr. Adams's cannot be too highly prized by boys, narrating, as they do, the actions and endeavours by which men in humble circumstances of life have not only made themselves famous, but whose lives have been of inestimable service to humanity and to science.

BOOKS upon the Holy Land continue to pour from the press, as travellers become yearly more numerous, and the interests of the localities more personal to those who have either seen, or intend to see them. Every way a high and interesting order of book, although most unassuming, is *Byeways in Palestine.* By James Finn, M.R.A.S.—(James Nisbet and Co.)—It is a book the student of the topography of Palestine may keep by the side of others within reach for illustration and reference. Mr. Finn is not a mere health or pleasure seeker in the Holy Land, and this book purports to be notes of many journeys during many years' residence in the country. Although not a professed investigator, and carrying with him no scientific instruments, ~~with~~ by night or by day through the heat of the Syrian summer, or through the snows and piercing winds of winter, among the mountains ; living among the people, with peasants in the villages, Bedouins in the Desert, Druses in the Lebanon, and Turkish governors in the towns ; sleeping in dwellings of all qualities, convents of different sects ; in the open air at the foot of a tree, in village mosques, in caverns by the highway, beneath cliffs near the Dead Sea, or in his own tent ; it would be scarcely possible to produce other than a most interesting book ; and it is both interesting and valuable, and pervaded by a spirit of delightful, simple, and unostentatious devotion. We know very few books indeed upon the Holy Land ; we are not aware that we can mention one, of the same size and modest pretensions equalling it in value. Many illustrations elucidate the author's observations.

UPON the same subject we have *The Desert and the Holy Land*. By Alexander Wallace, D.D. (William Oliphant and Co.)—Dr. Wallace was only away from his home in Scotland five months. He does not therefore profess to give, nor will his readers expect to receive, such a book as Mr. Finn's; it is a succession, however, of lively and pleasant sketches, in which a poetic fancy blends with the eye of the humorist, and both with the most natural feelings of a Christian heart, as the traveller visits and views the best known scenes in the route across the gulf of Suez, through the Sinaiatic peninsula, along the borders of ancient Philistia, and then upon Mount Carmel. As the title implies, the desert is regarded by the author with especial interest; and making no pretensions to originality of route or observation, we can assure our readers that in this volume they will have a most lively and readable picture of the Holy Land. Such works are not less necessary than those which aim at a more scholarly interpretation of the scenery. The illustrations are very beautiful.

SCENEA in the Holy Land, used for devotional purposes, has been a favourite exercise before now with the author of *Memories of Olivet*. By J. R. Macduff, D.D.—(James Nisbet and Co.)—and the *Mount of Olives* awakens some of the most memorable recollections. The author introduces his volume by an illustrative picture of the Mount of Olives in the time of our Lord, and then from a recent personal visit describes the place and scene. The book itself, however, is composed of a series of sketches referring to circumstances which, in the Old Testament and the New, give to the mountain a melancholy, tender, or sublime interest. The pen of Dr. Macduff has many powers of devotional pathos; it is, looking over the titles of the number of works it has produced, the pen of a ready writer. Eloquence and unction are its well-known characteristics. The work before us assuredly sustains the author's well-won reputation, and, in a very beautiful manner, it recalls to the reader's mind, the scenery and the historical impressions of the spot upon which he calls the reader to sit down with him while he recites, and reviews, and derives the appropriate lesson from the mountain especially hallowed by the Saviour's prayers, as it had been before made memorable as the scene of Levitical sacrifice, and the apostate idolatries and altars of Israel's wisest and most infatuated King.

A VERY similar volume to that we have just mentioned is *Elijah, the Desert Prophet*. By Rev. H. T. Howat.—(Johnstone,

Hunter, and Co.)—It is a bold venture to attempt such a discursive discussion of the Life and Labours of the great Desert Prophet after the splendid spiritual exegesis of Krumacher; but Mr. Howat's is the production of a man also himself rich in poetical sensibilities, and he conceives character and country alike in the eye of a bold and passionately speaking instinct. "Elijah, the grandest and most romantic character Israel ever produced," says Dean Stanley, it is scarcely possible to desire to paint the great historical portrait without the possession of some feelings and power, which make the painter at home in circumstances of such grandeur and terror. Mr. Howat sheds his illustrations upon his subject from a number of side-lights, plainly exhibiting him also as a man of rich taste and various culture. The volume abounds in passages of graphic eloquence. Sometimes there are admirations and expressions which indicate the ordinary fault of too intense a regard to fine writing, but the book is suggestive and useful, and eloquent in many parts. Without pedantry, it betrays not only reading but some scholarship. We do not remember to have heard of Mr. Howat before, but this volume deserves a warm word of admiration, and from us it has it.

ANYTHING from the pen of Dr. Bonar will be acceptable to a large class of readers, to whom his meditations are as "Household Words," in *Light and Truth of Bible Thoughts and Themes. Old Testament. By Horatius Bonar, D.D.*—(James Nisbet and Co.)—Eighty-four papers, outlines evidently of sermons. To readers to whom Dr. Bonar's style of thought is refreshing, these papers will be very acceptable. Ministers also, we think, will find his method of dealing with texts striking, impressive, and calculated to usefully awaken the conscience and mind to the openings and intentions of texts regarded from the purely spiritual and utterly uncritical aspects. A beautiful and a very restful volume—this must be said of most things from Horatius Bonar's pen; the especial characteristic is restfulness.

T*OLD in the Twilight; or, Short Stories for Long Evenings. By Sidney Daryl, with Illustrations by Gussie Bridgman*—(Jackson, Walford, and Hodder)—is, as the title suggests, a collection of short stories, very pleasantly told, and which we can imagine hearing recited by the winter fire, in the gloaming, ere the lamps are lighted. We venture to prophecy that several of the tales in this volume before us will be read many times.

"Joey the Tumbler," "Left all Alone," and "Barney's Little Wife" are perhaps the best of the whole, and will become favourites with the young folk who are so fortunate as to possess this attractive and tasteful little book. The tales are likewise worthy of being read by fathers and mothers, that when the children's hour comes round, they may tell them again to their little ones.

SAVAGE ISLAND; *a Brief Account of the Island of Niué, and of the Work of the Gospel among its People. By the Rev. Thomas Powell, F.L.S., with an Introductory Preface by Rev. R. Ferguson, LL.D.*—(John Snow and Co.)—is a record of missionary labour on one of the coral islands in the South Pacific Ocean, and is a pleasing illustration of the magical power of the Gospel of Christ in transforming the habits, hearts, and lives of its savage inhabitants. From the same publishers we receive *The Dawn of Light: a Story of the Zenana Mission. By Mary E. Leslie, Calcutta, with an Introduction by the Rev. E. Storrow.*—(John Snow and Co.)—This little story proves to us, that far away in our great Indian empire, true-hearted Englishwomen are labouring zealously to raise to a higher social position their less favoured Hindoo sisters; they visit their homes, teach them to read, and instruct them in the Word of God, and although this is performed in a very contracted portion of that vast country, yet the success attending the small efforts made gives promise of an after abundance when the field of labour is widened.

SUCH stories as *Three Hundred Years ago; or, the Martyr of Brentwood, by W. H. G. Kingston, Esq.*—(S. W. Partridge and Co.)—should be recited from time to time to young people, that they may early become acquainted with the records of the lives of the many brave and heroic men who have suffered martyrs' deaths in striving to obtain the privileges of reading their Bibles and worshipping their God—privileges which appear to be thought but little of in our day. We hope that some portion of the spirit which filled the soul of the Martyr of Brentwood may pass into many a young heart, so that his death, even after so many years, may not have been in vain.

The Congregational Topic.

VII.

DEAN STANLEY'S OLIVE BRANCH.*

TO know Dean Stanley must surely be, we should think, to love him. He stands very high in the honour and admiration of large circles of readers who have sympathy with his genius, when they are unable to apprehend the doctrines he maintains, or who have the deepest fellowship with his spirit, when they are unable to find fellowship with its desires and designs. Among these latter we suppose we must place ourselves, while reading the pamphlet before us, from such a man, in such a position, remarkable for its goodness and its grace. Unlike so many of our brethren, both of the ministry and the press, [we have not courted the honour of the fifth finger of anything called a clergyman. Prepared to honour wherever honour was due, and to love all having any claim upon our affections, we have not gone

out of our way to find the honourable and the loveable, especially among the clergy of the Establishment, and therefore we are the more free to say, that we know scarcely any name of the Establishment more honourable and loveable than that of Dean Stanley. We suppose that in some matters of Biblical criticism we should be so unfortunate as to be quite opposed to him, and on some topics of theology we fear our views would widely differ; but the beautiful, clear, elevated spirit of the man commands every sentiment of esteem, and we are far more perfectly one with Dr. Stanley when we differ from him, than we are with many others when we agree with them; among Churchmen and Dissenters we scarcely know where to find another who so well illustrates the power of gentleness. Many of these remarks are especially applicable to the little pamphlet before us. We go thoroughly along with it, we admire the spirit of it completely. We cannot agree with it; but if it should be extensively read, it will be not uninflu-

* *An Address on the Connection of Church and State.* Delivered at Sion College, on February 15th, 1868. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Macmillan and Co.

ential over the present agitated state of religious opinion. We must say the writer very cunningly—we mean with the cunning of David, whose hand was taught by it to war, and his fingers to strike the harp—the writer, very cunningly we say, seizes on some of those chief points most likely to affect even thoughtful readers in the present divided state of ecclesiastical thought. He also as cunningly avoids the very questions which powerfully operate to prevent sympathy or unity with the Establishment. Some of the premises on which he rests are very amazing to us, and we cannot but think they do assuredly illustrate the extremity of opinion and sentiment, to which a good and honest mind is driven, in order to sustain the doctrine of this pamphlet; for we must say that it is a strange, if not a new, doctrine which Dr. Stanley puts forward as the great reason for the connection of Church and State. So far as we can see it, it implies, as distinctly as any Nonconformist could assert, that the Church of Christ is not an ecclesiasticism. Being united with the State then, what is it? Why, it becomes simply the power which secures property, and compels to public decency, and good and orderly behaviour. According to Dr. Stanley, it seems the National Church is to be, as far as possible, creedless and opinionless. He says, with admiration, and assigns it as one of his reasons

for adhesion to our Established Church, that “it fulfils the ideal which the ever ‘memorable Hales’ drew of a National Church, that its shield should be as near as possible like that of Amphiarius, a blank shield, of no device of party or sect.” And this designation is so inclusive, that apparently, according to the author, even the Roman Empire itself, in its government, might have fulfilled our author’s conditions in the days of Nero, had Nero been humane. He says, “Even before its conversion, the Roman Empire was regarded by the apostle as a ‘minister of God—ordained of God—the ordinance of God.’ No stronger expressions can be found in the New Testament for any outward office or officer inside the Christian community.” This is all consistent, reasoning out from the premises to those conclusions to which he would conduct us. And what is that conclusion? What is the National Church? In a word, it is everybody. He says:—

“There is some one,” said Talleyrand, speaking of worldly politics, “more clever than Voltaire, more sagacious than Napoleon, more shrewd than each minister, past, present, and to come, and that some one is everybody.” “There is some one,” we may say, in ecclesiastical politics, “more learned, more able, and more versatile than any individual Bishop—more likely to be right than the Pope of Rome, or the Wesleyan Conference, or the General Assembly—and that is the whole community.”

The connection of the Church with the State is, in this respect, merely another form of that great Christian principle—that cardinal doctrine of the Reformation, which is at the same time truly Catholic and truly Apostolical—that Christian life and Christian theology thrive the most vigorously, not by separation, and isolation, and secrecy, but by intercommunion with the domestic and social relations of man—in the world, though not of it.

Now, we are so obtuse, that this language and such an argument seem to be admirable as a plea for the separation of Church and State, not for their connection. We have no objection to the principle; on the contrary, we heartily believe that the shield of the State should be unmarked by any of the insignia of party, and that in its purely secular and political character, it should know no interests but those of the community. Is it thus with the Established Church, as we behold it around us, and as we read its history? Dr. Stanley very well knows that to be a Dissenter is to lie under a brand—it is to suffer a social taint. He knows that Nonconformists are separated, and cut off from immense advantages and emoluments, which might be open to their competition but for the things which exist on the statute book. He knows too that they are subject to actual pains and penalties, in certain circumstances, to certain imposts and taxes; in a word, Dr. Stanley's pamphlet reads like a cruel mock-

ery. It is a sketch of an ideal State, in which secular strength uses its arm for the protection of all consciences alike, for the preservation of the rights of property, and for the maintainance of such good laws as may ensure the happiness, well-being, and development of all the subjects of the State, in the midst of such gross departures from all this as we see about us. Dr. Stanley's amiable pamphlet reads to us like an artist's ideal sketch. It is this and no more. There can be no doubt that there is a sense in which every little chapel, sectarian school-room, or imposing Nonconformist edifice in the country is connected with the State. It is connected with the State as every house and street are connected with the State, as every Quaker's meeting-house, although the members of the Society of Friends, in an especial manner, renounce all reliance upon physical force, is connected with the State. We live upon mutual and equal terms, civic and sanitary, and more general laws cover us all alike. Outrages committed within or upon a Nonconformist building, are now supposed to be committed subject to the penalties of the law. But this is not what is conceived of as the connection of Church and State, it is merely the recognition of the State as administrator and protector in all matters of social order and well-being. Those Cameronians, to whom Dr. Stanley refers, of some remote

Highland village, who delitiated the minister for having asked to have a post-office in their village, might possibly furnish a case in point; and here and there some might be found who would maintain the doctrine that the very buildings for their worship, and all matters pertaining to it ought to be entirely separated from the domain of law. We apprehend there would be found few such, and those who could be found would seem to us so hopelessly and helplessly lost to all principles of reasoning and common sense, that we should simply leave them to such benefits, perhaps not inconsiderable, as they might derive from what we should regard as the very hallucinations of theology. We may presume that in the way we have described the whole Nonconformist mind of the country, with such exceptions, would accept the principle that their churches are in this way connected with the State; the State defines and defends their endowments, and every building is an endowment, the trust-deed is for the very purpose of retaining it as such; but is it not the merest casuistry, the most pointless reasoning, to talk of this as the connection of Church and State? Whatever Dr. Stanley may desire that connection to be, assuredly at present it is far other and different. While we cannot but regard his pamphlet as an earnest of that opinion which will probably consummate itself in the dissolution

of the connection, and the placing the religious mind of the country beneath that shield of creedless protection and indiscriminate guardianship which he speaks of as the highest ideal; for it is frivolous to speak of such an institution as that which he describes as in any sense a Church. He maintains indeed, that the two essential features of the connection, are, that the State should recognise and support some religious expression of the community; and, second, that this religious expression should be controlled and guided by the State. This would seem to imply much, had we not previously noticed that the definition would even cover the Paganism of Nero, that "minister of God." The Dean is, therefore, thoroughly inconsistent in his own reasoning; but however can he have reached such a conclusion as that he arrives at, when he tells us that the "connection of Church and State is the nearest approach which, in our complex modern society, can be made to the original and essential idea of the Christian Church?" The good, but surely much misguided Doctor! Why, surely the essential idea of the Church must have existed in the mind of the founder, and that is expressed in a canon which has been quoted until we weary of the quotation: "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." Few marks of the "essential idea of the Christian Church" have

ever appeared, wherever and whenever it has found itself in connection with the State. It gives to Rome its history of persecution and blood; it gives the Anglican Establishment its story of heart-burnings and bitterness; it gives the same sad legends to the churches that call themselves after the name of Luther; and it darkens the venerable name and fine mind of Calvin, and makes the Church of Geneva a warning where we would wish only to recall the memory of its magnanimity. Of course the Dean has to weaken the effect of the declarations we have quoted, because he argues for the connection of Church and State; and brief as our review is, as we have quoted his words honestly, do not our readers see with what effect? This is the staple of the argument, but the blow which drives the staple in, seems to shiver the argument altogether. We cannot think he is more successful when he touches those subsidiary reasons which seem to him to plead for the connection; when he tells us, for instance—

It cannot be denied meantime that an immense amount of the revival of religious life in our day, has taken place within and upon the framework of the parochial system. Even in the great outburst of Wesleyan fervour, there was no spot more blessed by its apostolic piety than the parish of Fletcher of Madeley; and the Wesleyan leaders themselves, as well as the original founders of Nonconformity, were

originally nursed in the bosom of the National Church.

Why, this is scarcely stating the question honestly. The Wesleyan founders and Nonconformist leaders were originally nursed in the bosom of the National Church. True; so were Luther and Calvin nursed in the bosom of the Romish Church, and they had to leave it, and the value of their reformations is marked by the fact that they did leave it; and Augustine and Chrysostom were nursed in the bosom of Paganism. We do not think that their nurse contributed much to that which we derive from them. We are truly amazed that a man like Dr. Stanley has even a word to say for the "framework of the parochial system." All the "revival of the religious life" he attributes to it is derived from the spirit of Voluntarism alien from it; and it is for the most part only healthy and active in large towns, while in the country in general the "parochial system" makes us blush with indignation, or burn with a smouldering despair over the utter injustice and, for the most part, useless exercise of its functions. It is not possible to travel through the country, or even to watch its operation in most large towns, without feeling bitterly the monstrous abuses it fosters; and this is felt even far more by clergyman themselves, who have often deplored its operation to us, than by Nonconformists, however they may be subjected to

the penalties it assuredly imposes: When Dr. Stanley tells us too, quoting the language from one who writes himself a "Dissenter against his will"—

Dissenting churches, as a whole, fail to be "in the world, yet not of it." They are not "churches in the world," far less The Church—the Body of Christ in the world—but "cliques apart from the world;" very pious and earnest, doubtless, but of a piety that locks itself up in the chapel and the Sunday, and never escapes into the market and the weekday.

We must surely remember that Church of Englandism is not less subject to cliquism than Dissent. It is no doubt unhappy and unfortunate that we all move too much upon a rail of fixed ideas; this is the penalty of narrow minds. All round us, as we write, in a large town, we behold Church of Englandism divided into different cliques—Low Church cliques, High and dry Church cliques, Ritualistic cliques, Broad Church cliques—every sect in the Establishment, as well as out of it, has its own clique. If we step into Rome, they are there—every monastic order has its own clique—parties in the Romish Church form themselves into cliques. It is not in Nonconformity, it is in human nature; the smaller and narrower the mind, the more it will live in its narrow mould, and feed itself upon its little gossips and tea-parties, and wonders and scandals. Surely the Dean must

have felt that an argument was in peril which needed this kind of defence to sustain it. The same remarks also apply to his argument as to the "worldliness" elicited in Dissent. He abundantly admits how it pervades both among the Romish and English hierarchies; but it is preposterous to institute the analogy. Worldliness also is in human nature; we must, as far as possible, as Christians, repress it; we must even adopt measures by which it may be more repressed. Church of Englandism fosters it—the connection of Church and State always will; and undoubtedly allurements, inducements, motives are held out, both to laity and clergy, in the Established Church, which can never operate upon the higher order of mind in Nonconformist churches. Dean Stanley's pamphlet will, no doubt, be extensively read. On many minds, perhaps even upon some Nonconformist minds, it will not be read without exerting an influence. May we remind our readers that, some years since, we called their attention to a paper, entitled "Congregationalism upon its Trial."* Congregationalism is,

* That Dean Stanley is very well aware of those especial roots of bitterness which, we suppose, in all Congregational churches spring up to trouble us, is evident from the following continued quotation from a letter in the *English Churchman*, signed "A Dissenter against his will."

in fact, upon its trial now. The Dissenters over the whole country in our churches, the impoverished and wretched condition of our ministers, the demands made upon them for education, genius, mind, character, and activity, as compared with the efforts made to sustain them; the yearning in millions of hearts for unity, in

some real form, with the churches of the past, and in the services of the present; the comparative regardlessness of the great multitudes for questions which seem all important to theologians and politicians, as compared with the thirst for spiritual refreshment and the desire for spiritual and mental aliment; the growing love, even

"And as to Church membership, who knows not—that is at all acquainted with Dissenting religious life—the exaggeration constantly made of the importance of such Church membership—degrading as it does communion of saints into communion with a particular party, or a clique calling itself and 'voting' itself a 'Church'?"

"As to Church discipline over the clergy, who that knows how ministers are got for congregations, the influence of Heads of Colleges, the jealousy of Deacons, the suspicious inquiries regularly instituted, will not say that (imperfect, from laxness or from martinet rigidity, as may be the examination of Bishops' Chaplains, and the usual routine of Ordination, yet) the satisfaction of being beyond the worry of sectarian suspicion, when once the Creeds and Articles are signed, and a recognised legal protection spread over one, are infinitely to be preferred by any noble independent mind? If anyone wants to know this, let him read the pages of the *Christian Spectator* and *Salem Chapel*. Dissenting pulpits are either occupied by men strong enough to kick down the petty narrowness that surrounds them; or are subject to the influence of every coterie of old women, or young women, or 'large' subscribers, 'weighty' friends, and elderly deacons in the Church or Congregational circle, without half the education or a tithe of the sense

of the minister. There are plenty of Dissenting ministers who have joined the Church—ask them whether the act of subscribing to Articles has not been like drawing a long breath of deliverance after years of worse than Lilliputian bondage and arrow-pricks to Gulliver?"

"Then, as to discipline over the laity, one of the chief points long in discussion among Dissenters is the 'deputation practice;' in sending two or more members, deacons or others, to wait upon and examine a candidate for membership. In London, I am informed, it is much given up; and I know of young ministers who are breaking down the practice, from the intolerable intrusion on private conscience it has become. And as to the inconvenience lately felt in the legal limits of parishes, and the authority of clergy within them against intruders, I can only say there is plenty of jealousy among Dissenters of one another; and at the worst it reminds me of a Scotch saying in regard to abuses grown with years in long-established institutions compared with new ones,—'When your lum (chimney) has reeked as long as ours, we'll see whilk will be the mirkiest'—(i.e., the dirtiest)!"

This may contain exaggerations, but still it gives one side of the picture that ought not to be overlooked.

among Nonconformists themselves, for the long-neglected services of the Church of England—all these matters, which so many amongst us refuse to look at, which others treat with scoffing and contempt, give a deep interest to any utterance, like that before us, from a person by position and character so unquestioned as Dr. Stanley.

Meantime we must repeat that to us, of course, the question is left as we saw it before we commenced the reading of his pamphlet. We are also Dissenters against our will. Nonconformist and Dissenter are not desirable epithets—they have become very honourable; they have historic mark, and religious and political significance; but they are not the less terms of reproach. Why should they be?

What right has any State to affix them as stigmas upon her citizens? Michael Faraday or Robert Browning, Robert Hall or Dr. Pye Smith, and innumerable such names, whose genius and learning and eloquence have illustrated and adorned our land, are regarded as something less than the meanest curate who can subscribe to what, perhaps, he has not brains enough to comprehend. What right has the State thus to affix its stigma, either upon the genius and learning, or the humblest faith of any of her sons?

Dr. Stanley, we are glad to know, feels this, perhaps, as keenly as any of his Nonconformist brethren; but mighty must be the change

before that dream of his is fulfilled.

Let us hope that this estrangement, which has doubtless of late years already diminished, may altogether cease, and that we may more and more learn to treat our Dissenting brethren as our friends, our equals, our allies—in one word, as "Nonconforming members and ministers of the National Church."

And even if this dream should be realised, still if the power to use the term nonconforming members and ministers of the Established Church is retained, what becomes of Dr. Stanley's shield of Amphiarus? Dean Stanley, indeed, desires to be a party in bringing about the utmost good fellowship. He desires to see an exchange in our pulpits, and says:—

And I would here venture to suggest one particular remedy which would be at once practicable and efficient. Reunion, absorption, intercommunion, or the like, may be desirable or not. These must be the end, and not the beginning, of close approximation. But larger community of preaching—the permission to our Nonconforming brethren of England, and our Presbyterian brethren of the Scottish Church, to preach in our pulpits, under whatever restrictions they or we might desire—would be an unmixed good. It would be but giving to non-Episcopalians what we have, within the last few years, granted to the Episcopalian Nonconformists of America and Scotland. It would be but restoring to Presbyterians the sympathy and the rights which they enjoyed in the Church of England during the first hundred years after the Reformation. It is all but legal, if it is

not altogether legal now. This would indeed be an endeavour to make the Church really national; to draw the hearts of the fathers to the children, and of the children to the fathers; to atone for the injuries, to heal the bitterness, and to repair the lost opportunities of the past. It is, at any rate, in efforts of this nature—in bringing together our own countrymen into one communion and fellowship of good words and good works, whether of outward form or not—that our energies are far better spent, than in schemes of remote unions with distant Churches which we may never see, or systems of independent and separatist organisations amongst ourselves.

With this quotation, exhibiting the mind of this excellent, most amiable, and admirable man, we close our remarks upon his pamphlet. Dr. Stanley has, of course,

written like a Churchman; he has his convictions, and we must say they seem to us much more like those of a possible than a present Churchman. How he gets on with the Thirty-nine Articles we have no means of knowing; but the reforms and changes he suggests in the structure of the Church are so considerable that, even if all were not effected which we desire, a Church so tolerant, instead of one so intolerant, so just, instead of one so unjust, so catholic, instead of one so exclusive, would rob Nonconformity of many of its terrors, and, drawing in the allegiance of multitudes at present without, leave it with far less power of active hostility to the Establishment.